

# PLUCK AND LUCK

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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## ALOW AND ALOFT; OR, THE DASHING BOY-HARPOONER. By CAPT JOSH. WILSON.

AND OTHER STORIES



The moment it arrived within a few yards of the leviathan, the boy rose in the bow of the boat, drew back his harpoon and let it fly with unerring precision. With a sibilant hiss, the iron's keen point was buried in the shiny, big body.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

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## ALOW AND ALOFT

### OR, THE DASHING BOY HARPOONER

By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

#### CHAPTER I.—Survivors of a Wreck.

On the 30th of March, 1880, the ship Amphion left Nantucket laden with a cargo of coal, provisions and whaling utensils, her destination being the Arctic regions. She was a fleet vessel of 1,400 tons burden, was well equipped for her business by the owners, and carried a complement of forty men, including the officers. By the time she reached Baffin's Bay, Captain Mark Marline had succeeded in capturing two whales. A third Leviathan was sighted when they reached Melville Bay, and was pursued through the ice to the northernmost limit of whaling grounds, off Lancaster Sound.

The whale sounded just as two boats were lowered, and they imagined it was gone, when up it came, striking the ship and knocking part of the false keel off abreast of the main channels. The men in the boat harpooned it, the brute sank, fully three hundred yards of line were run out, and then the whale arose, turned and came back swiftly toward the ship, head on. The Amphion was under sail, making six knots at the time, and when the whale struck her under the catheads she was given sternway almost equal to her headway.

The bows were stove in, the vessel filled, went over to her beamends, and orders were given to cut away the masts, which being done, the Amphion righted again on a level keel. The deck was scuttled, the boats were lowered in a hurry, and being laden with all the provisions and clothing they could get, besides such useful articles as might be needed, they were hastily manned and rowed away from the sinking vessel. The Amphion then sank.

In expectation of falling in with some vessel, the six boats stood away to the southward, trying to get the variable winds to secure fine weather; but the wind constantly swept in from the east and southeast, baffling their plans and making leeway for them. This continued for fully thirty days, the time fraught with hard work and intense suffering, until at last they made an island, and upon landing found it to be sterile, barren and ice-clad. It was connected with the coast of Greenland by a chain of great glaciers, bleak and snow-clad, and covered with icy mountains. The influx of a moving ice floe destroyed the six boats after the unfortunate sailors had taken out all their provisions and they made their way to the main over the glacier and located a camp in a deep valley, where they

built twenty igloos, or ice huts, such as the Esquimaux live in.

Having made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, parties were sent out along the coast in hopes of finding Leopold Island, or some depot of the whale fishers, up or down Barrow Strait or Prince Regent Islet, but no success met them. A year passed by, and in the interval ten of the men died of frost bite, ten more were lost, perishing in the snow on exploring expeditions, and the scurvy broke out among the remaining score. The horror of their predicament was augmented at this point by the discovery that their provisions were almost wholly exhausted. Then the final day came when everything was gone. Starvation was added to the list of their perils.

Only three men remained active out of the little band. One was Captain Mark Marline, and the other two were the youngest of his crew, the eldest being Percy Darrell, a skeeman or head lineman, and the other Harvey Hayden, a specksioneer or officer under whose direction a whale is cut up. Darrell was about twenty years old, a slender, powerful fellow, with blue eyes, nut-brown hair, and a smooth face. Hayden was fully two years younger dark-complexioned, dark eyes, clean shaven, and about the same size as his companion. They had been schoolmates at Nantucket, and ever after had always traveled together, sailing in the same vessels and enjoying kindred amusements. In a word, the two were inseparable chums. The captain was a short, thick-set individual, with a short, gray beard, pale blue eyes, heavy eyebrows and a sunburned face.

On the third day after the last man was taken sick the captain emerged from his igloo with a pale face and glanced around at the dreary landscape with a sad look upon his features. Near by stood Hayden and Darrell, and both were engaged in earnest conversation when the captain approached. It was a bitterly cold day, the thermometer mercury registering 67 degrees below the freezing point, and a sharp wind blowing a fine sleet of snow down from the adjacent hummocks. The three were clad in monkey-jackets, skull caps, pants and boots of fur, the hair side out, wore the same kind of mits, and exposed nothing save a small portion of their faces and eyes. Touching the boys upon their arms, Captain Marline exclaimed:

"Well, my hearties, my reckonin's been struck at las'."

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"What!" cried both boys, starting back, aghast.  
"Ther scury's got me, too, my lads."

Both of the young men groaned and hung their heads. But Harvey Hayden was not one to despair, for he suddenly looked up with a resolute expression and said:

"Captain Marline, we will fight this sickness. If we must all perish, then we will go knowing we have been stanch and true to each other to the end, sir."

"God bless yer, Harvey," said the captain, emotionally. "But thar's no good in a-fightin' this sickness. If one gets it, all ther rest is boun' ter catch it, an' no helpin' it, either, without ile an' pertaters an' sich like fer docterin'. Looker ther prospect. Thar ain't no sign o' any o' us fallin' in wi' a home'ard boun' vessel, as we're far north o' their track, I'm afeered, an' we ain't got a bite left in our lockers. 'Sides that, we've hunted fer mollies, fished in ther water, looked fer seals an' tried to find even a buck or bear, but met no success. So wot's ther use a-livin', anyway?"

"You have not given up, I hope, captain?" asked Harvey reproachfully.

"Yes, I hev, lad. Jes' listen ter my poor men!"

He held up his hand, and from the interiors of the circle of igloo huts there emanated the most heart-rending groans, cries and screams, frantic voices begged God to end their suffering by death, others raving in the fever of delirium, and more shouting for food. The terrible noise caused a look of woe to creep over the captain's rugged face, and he drew a revolver from his belt, cocked it, and, placing the muzzle at his temple, he exclaimed:

"I am no coward, lads, but as it's all got ter end one way, I'm a-goin' ter make my sufferin' short, fer I can stan' them sounds no longer—they pierces my heart like a knife. Farewell."

He waved his disengaged hand to them. Harvey sprang forward and knocked the pistol from his hand.

"Stop, captain!" he shouted. "You must be mad!"

"What did you do that fer?" asked Marline, in surprise.

"Do you imagine I can passively see you commit suicide and not make an effort to prevent it? Oh, no! Now don't do any such thing as this again, captain. Go back to your hut. I know the situation is desperate, and have just been talking it over with Percy. We have decided to go off on a foraging expedition, so long as we are the only ones left to look for food, and will try to find a depot of provisions. When Explorer Albert M. Markham was up here, he left a depot of eatables on the northeastern island of the Cary group, and we intend to find it if we can. If not, we are going on to Port Foulke, and try to discover Lifeboat Cove, where part of the crew of the Polaris spent their second winter in 1873. You know there were provisions left there, sir, and if we can find them, the lives of all our messmates will be saved."

For an instant the captain was fairly dumfounded. When at last he regained the power of speech, he exclaimed:

"By thunder, Hayden, you are a trump, my lad! But how under heaven did yer happen ter think o' that?"

"Well, sir, our unlucky exploring parties all set out for the southward, none dreaming of going north, and when you took our bearings this morning, and told me exactly where you imagined we were, I remembered hearing tell of these provision depots when I was in old Nantucket last year."

"But do yer think as yer can travel in safety, lad? It's werry easy ter lose yerself hereabouts, an' ter lose yer life in ther bargain."

"I know what I will have to go through, sir."

"Then go, by all means, Harvey lad, an' may ther Almighty watch over an' guide yer, fer ther sake o' yer poor, dyin' messmates. If yer kin find that depot, our lives are saved!"

The poor old captain had tears in his eyes as he wrung Harvey's hand and feebly made his way back to his igloo.

"Well, Percy," said the young specksioneer, turning to his friend, "are you coming? We must lose no time, my boy, for the month of October will soon be here, the sun will take his departure, and the darkness of night will come on to stay until the first of next March."

"I am with you, Harvey," replied the other, arousing from a deep reverie, and grasping his rifle up from against an igloo, where he had laid it. "If we don't find the depot, perhaps we may fall in with some kind of beast to supply us with food on the way. I am ready, my boy."

Harvey was armed like his companion, with a good rifle, a revolver and a keen-bladed knife, but as they started off he suddenly came to a pause and said:

"Hold on, Percy. Although we have no food, yet I have saved a flask of whisky in my locker which may be of service, so I think we had better take it along with us."

"Then wait," said Darrell. "I'll go and get it."

And before Harvey could remonstrate, he hurried back to the huts and entered the one his friend had been occupying. At one side stood Harvey's locker, and opening it eagerly, Darrell began to rummage among its contents, muttering meantime:

"Now I can find out the truth. It is the first chance I ever had of prying into his locker. I am sure he has some token from the girl I loved so madly in Nantucket, out of whose affections he has cut me. Much as I always esteemed Harvey Hayden before, I began to feel a terrible hatred for him growing upon me, when I first learned that pretty Marian Greenwood threw me over for him. He never told me he won her love. But I am sure it was Harvey. Ha! What is this? A photograph of her? As I suspected. And a letter!"

He had drawn them from the locker, and gazing at the lovely girl an instant intently, a look of acrid bitterness crossed his face, and he did not scruple to read the letter through. The letter betrayed the fact that Harvey and Marian were deeply in love with each other, and would marry on Harvey's return from this cruise, come weal, come woe.

"Marry him? Never!" muttered Darrell, with fierce intensity, as a pang of furious jealousy darted through him. "Not if I can prevent it. I love her, and she is rich, too. I swore to wed her, and I vowed to possess her money. Harvey Hayden shall not supersede me, for I swear by

all I hold sacred that he will never leave this place alive! He imagines I am his friend. So much the better. I have then a subtle mask behind which to work out his destruction."

## CHAPTER II.—A Treacherous Deed.

Having secured the bottle, and his feelings toward his former friend having turned in a moment of jealous rage to the most intense hatred, Percy Darrell hurried back to the young specksioneer. His face scarified by the action of ice and snow, Darrell did not betray by a look what was passing in his mind; and being in full control of his nerves, not by an action or word could Harvey have learned what a volcano of jealous wrath was consuming him.

With their rifles strapped across their backs and plenty of ammunition in their pouches, the two young adventurers set off on their perilous journey, with the pangs of a terrible hunger gnawing at their vitals, and only the hope of procuring food to cheer them up. The ground is covered with ice and snow everywhere; in places the ice is cracked, the crevices filled with snow, and danger of falling through imminent at any moment. Falling into snowdrifts unexpectedly was common, and in clambering over hillocks of ice, great masses became detached and fell crashing down at the most unlooked-for places.

But they toiled on all day, and at night came to a pause in a natural ice cavern, where they prepared to pass the night, when they were startled by hearing a strange noise outside. The first impression was that it might be a white bear, and Harvey ran out with his rifle to investigate. Luckily the sound only proved to have been made by a brace of fulmar petrels, called "mollies" by the whalers. They are the most ravenous birds in existence, preying on dead whales, and Harvey brought them down with his revolver. They had an oil lamp with them, and soon made a hearty meal of the birds—the first fresh meat, in fact, of which they had partaken in two years, which caused Harvey to remark:

"If our messmates—poor fellows!—had this kind of meat they would not have succumbed to the scurvy."

"You are right," replied Percy, with a nod.

"I say," exclaimed Harvey, after a slight pause, as he fixed a searching glance upon his companion, "what has ailed you all day, Percy? You have been very solemn and morose."

"Have I?" asked Darrell, with a slight start and frown.

"There, now, you are vexed! What are you scowling at?"

"How observing you are! It is nothing," replied the other.

"He's a queer chap, anyway," muttered Harvey thoughtfully.

They soon after fell asleep, and the next day were up and started off on their long, weary journey again with the sun in their faces. This made the glaring of the snow intense, but it got behind their backs at noon, and they had more comfort as they went on, as near to the coast line as the hummocks and glaciers would permit, often falling into rifts, plunging headlong into

snowdrifts, falling through rotten ice, slipping down declining planes, but pushing on with a determination to accomplish their aim. On the third day, hungry, footsore and fatigued, they discovered a tin cylinder near the shore, and, opening it, found it contained some flour which, however, was spoiled. It encouraged them to look out, though, and late in the afternoon they came across the island they were searching for, went over on the ice floe, and found a cairn. There was no mistaking it, for an oar was imbedded in the top, and Harvey ran forward, crying:

"There it is! There it is! Come on, Percy!"

Over an area of half a square mile lay strewn the debris of trunks, boxes, cans and odds and ends of all descriptions.

"We are saved!" gasped Percy, with an intense sigh of relief.

"Ay, now!" joyfully cried Harvey. "Look there! Hundreds of tins of vegetables and beef. There's flour, sugar, and tobacco, pemmican, crackers and powder. I tell you, Percy, this will be a blessing to those poor fellows back at Amphiion camp."

Darrell smiled and gathered up an old rusty knife, a harpoon and a broken pair of binoculars from amid the assortment of ship's stores, casks, spars, rigging and canvas strewn all around. One of the powder cans was scratched and torn open, everything tumbled around and thrown here and there, much as if an avalanche had been disporting with the things.

"There has been a bear around here, playing havoc with those things," said Darrell, while Harvey busied himself opening several of the cans, "and if his inquisitiveness had carried him beyond opening this can of powder there would not have been much left for us to eat. As it is, there is enough stuff left here to last our poor fellows fully a year more."

Having opened several of the cans, Harvey invited his companion to pitch in; and, half starved as they were, they ate voraciously. Then they gathered up everything, and working like beavers, they stored the stuff in the icy depot again, only reserving enough to take back to camp with them.

There was a huge hole in the ground a short distance from where the cairn stood, which looked as if some mighty convulsion of nature had split the island in two, both ends running into the sea in front and in back of the island, and as Harvey noticed it he glanced down, and saw that its sides were filled with ledges of ice, while the bottom was so far down as to be almost out of sight in the gloom.

"It looks like the crater of a volcano!" he muttered.

"That is so," replied Darrell, as he too glanced over. "Now tell me what you advise—traveling by day or by night?"

"Let us make no distinction," replied the young specksioneer, as he faced his companion earnestly. "The sooner we get back the better it will be for our messmates, Percy. They are in a terrible state by this time, no doubt, and we can give them some relief with what we bring back."

"Very well. Then we will start in an hour," replied Darrell, nodding. "But before we go I'd like to ask you a question."

This was said in such a peculiar tone that Harvey glanced at Darrell in surprise and replied:

"Why, how queer you speak! What is the matter?"

Of a verity Darrell now had given way to the feelings consuming him, his face was contorted, and he made no effort to conceal the fury blazing in his eyes.

"My question," replied Darrell, "will explain all. Are you aware that you have superseded me in Marian Greenwood's love, at Nantucket, and that I am determined to have her yet?"

He fairly hissed these words at Harvey, and the diabolical expression on his face startled young Hayden, for he recoiled, with an exclamation, and cried in surprise:

"Why, Percy, I thought you had given her up long ago."

"Given her up!" echoed the other bitterly. "Never! I love that girl better than I love my own life or soul; and as I have just told you, if I ever leave this desolate place, I have sworn that she will be my wife, and nobody else's!"

"Percy, I am astonished!" exclaimed Harvey, in pained tones, "for you know how I adore her, and I am now betrothed to her."

"That makes no difference to me. I had the precedence."

"But she does not care for you."

"So she said. That is a difficulty easy to overcome, though."

"And do you mean to say you are going to let a useless passion of yours sever the friendship which has existed between us for so many years?" demanded Harvey.

"All ties are void in the face of my affection for Marian Greenwood," replied Darrell, in decided tones, "and I would sacrifice every feeling for her sake. In this case you have been acting a treacherous, underhanded part, Harvey Hayden, and I do not scruple to express my opinion of you."

"How is it you reserved this outburst until now?"

"Because," replied Darrell spitefully, "I saw her picture and letter in your locker, and the sight aroused the latent anger and jealousy in me that for two years I have tried to suppress."

"What! Have you been mean enough to read that letter?" cried Harvey, his dark eyes flashing, and a resentful look upon his dark-complexioned face. "Are you such a cur as that?"

"Cur! Dare you call me by that name?"

"Then own up like a man—did you?"

"I did! It satisfied my suspicions of you—I suspected you as my rival, my successful rival, since we left port on this ill-starred voyage—and now my idea is verified. But you can count upon one thing, Harvey Hayden, and that is that your triumph over me will not avail you."

Harvey bit his lip with vexation, and restraining his anger by an effort of will, he exclaimed in caustic tones:

"Explain yourself more clearly. What do you mean by repeatedly saying I shall never have Marian?"

"I mean simply this," hissed Darrell, bending nearer to the young speckioneer, "you will never reach civilization again to claim her, if I can help it!"

"Ha! A threat, eh?" cried Harvey, in exasperation.

"Yes. I mean it, too!" exclaimed Darrell, glaring at him.

The suddenness of this new state of affairs almost deprived Harvey of belief in its truth; but there was no mistaking the fury-distorted face of his late friend, nor any equivocation in the harsh, bitter words he uttered so vindictively.

"Do you want to fight a duel over this affair?" demanded Harvey, after an interval of silence.

"No. I am no duelist."

"Then I can infer only one thing."

"What is that?"

"Murder!" exclaimed Harvey.

He saw Darrell start convulsively, draw back a step, glance hastily around, as if fearful lest that accusation was heard by some chance interloper, and then recover himself.

"That is a strong term," he exclaimed, in hoarse tones, and with a lowering look in his glittering eyes.

"Not too strong a term for you after your threat," replied Harvey sharply. "I never expected this from you, Darrell."

"Didn't you?" sneered the skeeman. "Well, you should not be surprised at anything. I am violent and sudden in my likes and dislikes, and to gain the purpose I have fixed in my mind, I have just formed a sudden resolution."

"And what is that?"

"Instead of bringing the sick crew of the wrecked Amphion here to devour this food, I am going to keep you here a prisoner and remain myself. Let them starve! Every man for himself! We can subsist a long time—long enough, in fact, for some vessel to find us and carry us back to civilization so I can marry Marian."

"What! Would you be villain enough to do that?" cried Harvey, in tones of disgust. "Do you think I'll let you? No! My poor sick messmates shall not perish of starvation! I will thwart your fiendish plan of selfishness and save their lives! Stand aside!"

He unloosened his rifle from his back.

"Ha! You mean to resist me—baffle me, eh?" cried Darrell angrily.

"Yes. Step aside and let me pass or I will shoot you down like a dog! Stand aside, do you hear?"

He raised his rifle, but before he could use it Percy Darrell caught him by the throat, shoved him back, and, dropping his weapon, Harvey was precipitated down into the dark rift in the icy earth. Startled at the magnitude of the crime he had committed, Darrell reeled back tremblingly and uttered a groan of horror.

### CHAPTER III.—The Boy Harpooner.

A scene of tumultuous excitement was prevailing on board the whaling ship Arctic about the same time that Percy Darrell was in the act of sacrificing the life of his old-time friend. The magnificent 1,000-tonner was standing away to the northward under a full head of canvas, with a spanking breeze in her wake, there was a heavy roll upon the glittering sea, and the sun was descending toward the pale blue horizon. Off to

the northeast, fully two leagues, floated half a dozen huge icebergs of majestic mien, upon the colossal sides of which the rays of the sun were reflected, as they drifted slowly along.

From the forward deck of the ship came the lively strains of a rattling tune on an accordion, snouts and laughter from a group of jolly sailors, who beat time with hands and feet, and in the center of the circle was a little fellow dancing a hornpipe. He was a graceful lithe boy, looking no more than fifteen years of age, with a pale, delicate face, tinged with a bright glow upon either cheek, big blue eyes snapping with dash and fire, a finely shaped little nose, and light, blond hair. He wore a regulation sailor's suit of navy blue, with a broad collar and white lanyard, his little feet were encased in the daintiest of shoes, and his small hands, although tanned by the sun, and a trifle bruised and tarred up from hard work about the ship, were as finely formed and graceful looking as a girl's.

Tripping about to the merry strains of the music, his boisterous laugh rang through the ship above the hoarse cries of his messmates, as they delightedly roared out their approbation. Near by stood Captain Tom Brandon and his first mate, Seth Skidmore, both earnestly engaged in conversation, and busily watching the antics of the youngster as he danced away. The skipper was a dark-bearded, middle-aged man, with black eyes and hair, while his first mate was a clumsy-looking fellow of about thirty, with a tall, lanky body, a narrow face, bulging blue eyes, and a long, sharp nose tinged red at the end.

"I hope I will be able to find the Amphion," the captain was saying gravely, "for she must be lost up here somewhere. The owners gave me strict orders to keep a lookout for her, and she should have been back to port six months ago, and no trace of her was seen. She may be wrecked, Skidmore, but I hope not."

"Ay, naow, sir," replied the lanky first mate, "but it's more'n likely she air, d'yeou see. I dew hate, golddurn it, tew even think so, but what air a chap tew dew, eh? She must be gone."

"This cruise will determine that matter, then," said the skipper.

"Tew be sure. Great hokey! jest see that young lubber caper, will yeou?"

"He is the smartest fellow on board," said the captain, with kindling eyes, as he glanced at the dancing boy, "and small, delicate and young as he is, I never saw any one handle a harpoon with the dexterity he did when he killed the whale we have on board yesterday. Why, Skidmore, it was simply marvelous—wonderful! He flung the iron with the precision and skill of a veteran, and that whale will net the owners a cool \$1,000, sure, on our return."

"And yeou hev made him head harpooner o' ther forrad paort quarter baoat, eh?" drawled the down-easter enviously.

"Yes. Haskins, the original harpooner, was drowned, so I put the boy in his place upon witnessing his amazing adroitness."

"Where did he learn tew dew the trick, captain?"

"At Nantucket, where we came from. He said an old harpooner taught him to handle the irons, and begged so hard for me to take him along with

me I had to reluctantly consent. Now I'm glad I have got him, as he is a wonder."

"Orphan, yeou said he taold yeou, sir, eh?"

"So he told me. He had no home, and, although I discovered he was a greenhorn, he soon made friends with all hands and is a prime favorite with the crew, not one of whom would not do anything for him, he is such a weak-looking but lively little fellow."

"I laike the lad myself," said the first mate. "But here comes the watch daown fraom the craow's nest, and it be my turn tew go aloft."

One of the men came down the shrouds, and parting from the skipper, the first mate went up the ratlines on the port side of the mainmast, and, ascending to the main top gallant mast, he got into what looked like a huge barrel fastened up there, in which were a rifle, a speaking trumpet, and a telescope, to keep a lookout for whales. On bounded the gallant Arctic, with her fifty sailors and her whaling equipment, her order to come home with a good cargo, and her hopes of learning some tidings of the missing ship, which we know was lost. The little harpooner tired soon, and as the sailor sitting on the coil of ropes with the accordion rattled off a lively reel, the boy came to a pause, flung his cap in the air, puffed from his exertions, and sank down upon the foot of the capstan with a long drawn

"By jingo, boys, I'm winded!"

"Bless my stars," said Ben Bolt, an old sailor, "but 'twar done good, lad."

"And now for a change," continued the little fellow. "I wouldn't mind the sight of a whale, to give us some excitement. Ha, ha, ha! Good Lord, there goes Andy Oakum, shaking his shoes to the groaning of that everlasting old music box. Go it, my boy, go it, you old rattlebox, and see if you can't knock up the splinters as fast as I did. Look out for him, Jack, or he will shuffle his bony legs out of joint. That's the step, Andy—let her go!"

Another sailor had the deck and was making his arms and legs fly around, when suddenly the voice of Seth Skidmore, up in the crow's nest, came bawling down in nasal tones:

"There, blaows! There blaows! There she blaows!"

"Whales!" shouted the boy, springing up delightedly.

"An' leetle Harry Harkness, he's got his wish!" ejaculated Ben Bolt.

The jolly tars' amusement came to a sudden climax. The music was discontinued, as the suddenly excited watch rushed pell-mell across the deck and the skipper ran out of his cabin into which he had retired when the mate left him.

"Where are they, Skidmore?" he roared up at the lookout.

"Off tew naorth'ard, sir," behaind them bergs!" came the reply.

"All hands to quarters!" cried the skipper. "Clear-away the boats. Lively, boys, lively! Don't forget your prize money on every ton of oil!"

The watch below came tumbling up the forecastle companionway, dressing as they ran, the davit lines were freed for use, the different divisions of men ranged up to their boats, with

harpooners, boat-steerers and linemen. The accoutrements of the boats were stowed in, such as harpoons, lances, "jacks," and harpoon guns. The helmsman wore the Arctic up into the wind's eye, with fluttering canvas, the blocks rattled and creaked, and down went Harry Harkness' boat with a splash, containing the jolly young harpooner and seven other men, with eight hundred-weight of lines on board.

Just then the nearest iceberg, having drifted on, disclosed a huge black object like a log on the water, two jets of water spouting up from the snout, as it lazily took its sun bath. Away shot the boat just as two more went down with a run, to follow after it, and to prevent the whale taking alarm, as they are excessively timid, the boy harpooner ordered the men to row toward its tail and muffle oars when a certain distance was reached, to drown the faintest sound. It was an odd sight to see that puny boy ordering the old, practiced whalemen what to do; but Harry Harkness had proven his ability the day before, and all unhesitatingly obeyed him. The swift boat flashed through the water at a rapid rate of speed, and within an hour was close upon its mighty prey. Dull of hearing, but quick of sight, the whale took alarm and sounded, going down like a shot out of sight. The primary consideration was now to locate the boat at a spot near which the fish would rise again, and so successfully did the boy calculate it that the whale came up with a start—that is, within two hundred yards of the boat.

At its body dashed the boat, for its head is impenetrable by a harpoon or lance, and the moment it arrived within a few yards of the Leviathan, the boy arose in the bow of the boat, drew back his harpoon, and let it fly with unerring precision. With a sibilant hiss the iron's keen point was buried in the shiny big body; in the surprise and agony of the moment the whale made a convulsive effort to escape, the ponderous fins and tail swept the air and beat the water so loudly that it could be heard several miles away, and Harry shouted frantically:

"Back water! Quick! On your lives, back water, boys!"

The stout oaken blades were nearly bent double as they plunged into the foam-flecked waves, the mighty tail whizzed around within an inch of them, and the boat glided out of danger. The first effort of a fast fish is to sound, and this monster at once followed the rule by going down like a flash, for an average stay of thirty minutes ere reappearing. The line hummed over the bollard from the tub, as the whale carried down fathom after fathom, and fairly smoked from the friction brought to bear upon it, necessitating constantly wetting it.

The moment the whale disappeared, the jack, or flag, was displayed for the lookout in the crow's nest, "a full" was shouted on the deck of the Arctic, and down went two more boats from the davits, to hurry to the scene of battle after the others. The line ran foul an instant, but Harry rectified it like a flash, and fully a thousand fathoms were run out. Then up came the whale, and, reaching the surface near one of the boats following Harry, its tail struck the bow, stove it in like an egg shell, the boat was knocked fifteen feet in the air, its inmates spilled, and

the other boat set about to rescue the unlucky ones so unexpectedly thrown into the water. Harry's boat dashed at the whale, and when close to it the lance was plied again and again. Not a thrust of the lance pierced its vitals, though, and away it swam, dragging the boat after it at great velocity toward the icebergs, behind one of which the ship was lost to view. There was a large ice floe behind the huge berg, and into this it dashed head foremost, throwing up, cracking and splitting the ice as if its huge head was a mighty cleaver. Reaching a basin of open water, it began to blow blood. The harpoon had become loosened, and as the whale might be lost, or it might have to be flensed (cut up) where it lay, and the blubber laboriously dragged a great way over the ice to the ship, it became apparent that only striking the harpoon deeper would save the trouble.

Explaining this to his companions, Harry got out of the boat upon the ice, and ran along toward the whale, which he soon reached. He sprang upon its back, as it laid within reach, pulled out his sheath-knife, cut the harpoon out of its living socket, and as the line was hauled in he set his shoulder against the stockless end of the harpoon, and struck it more effectually into the fish. Before the boy could get off the whale's back, though, it rushed away toward the center of the huge basin, and the line suddenly becoming hauled taut between the boat and the whale, a bight caught around the boy's left arm and held him as if in a vise.

The boy was now in a very perilous position, as he was held where he stood, a terrible strain was brought upon his arm, threatening to tear it in two, and he knew that the agonized whale would sink again very soon. He shouted to those in the boat to cut the line. But before they could do so down went the whale beneath the surface, dragging the little fellow with it, and a moment later nothing remained on the surface of the basin but the quarter boat, to which the line was attached.

But with the cutting of the line from the boat above Harry Harkness was released from his perilous position and his body shot up to the surface and was taken aboard the boat amid the cheers from the sailors. Soon after the whale came to the surface again, turned over, and then it was seen that he was dead. The body was towed over to the ship and soon the work of cutting up and trying out began and lasted for several days.

During the time the work progressed, the mate, Skidmore, who was a heavy drinker, had a quarrel with the little harpooner, Harry Harkness, over a bottle of rum which the mate swore that Harry had stolen from him. The captain had interfered and sent the mate about his business, but the man threatened Harry with punishment for his imagined pilferment of his rum.

About a week later the cry of "there she blows!" was heard from the masthead, and the boats were manned and put off for the whale. It was a monster. Little Harry got his harpoon fastened in the Leviathan, but ere they could back the boat to a safe distance the whale struck the boat with his tail, and it was tossed high in the air and all hands pitched into the water.

## CHAPTER IV.—Mutiny on the Arctic.

The whale which had attacked the boat in which Harry Harkness stood struck the boat head on, the boat was smashed to pieces, and flung up in the air with all the men it contained. On rushed the monster then, the harpoon line still fastened to its great body and dragging through the water. The unlucky whalers could all swim fortunately, so that as soon as they fell in the water they all struck out toward the other boats that were coming toward them, some clutching pieces of the broken timbers. The little harpooner, in the meantime, had met with a singular adventure after he dropped back in the waves. As the whale rushed by, within a few yards of where he floated, the line attached to its body was whizzing by the boy, when a bight of the rope caught around Harry's leg.

In an instant he was dragged around and pulled along with the monster at such a terrific rate that he feared the limb would become dislocated, the strain was so great and painful. There is a peculiar fatality about wet ropes in the water, for if the smallest object presents itself to which it can by any means attach itself, it is bound to do so. Dragged along at a pace that was simply terrific, the unlucky little chap endeavored to haul himself head foremost to the flying whale, but the resistance of his body was so great that he found it impossible to do so. He then shut his legs tightly together, caught hold of the tautened rope with his other foot, to ease the strain on the caught leg, and remained utterly passive and helpless to get free.

Moreover, the sensation he was subjected to almost deprived him of consciousness, dragged along as roughly, rapidly and erratically as he was; but he had sense enough to realize that he could do nothing to get himself out of the scrape. Luckily for him, though, the whale came to an abrupt stop just then in its headlong flight. It had been rushing toward the other boats, and when it got near enough to the foremost boat the harpooner, standing up in the bow, let drive with a harpoon, the iron struck deep, and the fish was suddenly checked in its wild career.

Quick to take advantage of this chance to get out of his unhappy predicament, Harry at once drew himself in toward the whale. He found the line fastened so tightly around his leg that he could not at once get it off, and as the whale was thrashing the water furiously from the pain of the second harpoon, he feared that one of the great flukes, or its immense tail, would hit him if he got within range of them.

"This is a sorry predicament," he muttered ruefully, as he drew out his knife and cut the rope from around his limb. "A little more and I might have perished. Hulloa—hulloa, there, in that boat! Come here and pick a fellow up! Do you want me to drown?"

He kicked out smartly, and while swimming for the boat he happened to glance up, and to his disgust saw that the boat was turned aside, and some one cried:

"The other boat will pick yew up!"

It was the voice of the first mate, he knew, and it did not reassure him much.

"The skunk would let me perish here if he

could," thought Harry, as he hastened to get as far away from the whale as possible.

Ben Bolt had seen what happened to the boy, and had been swimming toward him; he now reached the little fellow's side.

"Well, my lad, but that was a wild ride as you had!" he sputtered.

"Oh! Hello, Ben, old fellow; so you saw it, eh?" the boy cried, in cheery tones, as he struck out alongside of the old sailor.

"Ay, ay, that I did, and Lord save yer, I thought as yer was lost, too."

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I am not so easily killed, Ben."

"Skidmore refused ter pick yer up, didn't he?"

"Yes. The wretch has not got over the scolding the captain gave him last night, I guess. Oh, Lord, Ben, look back there! The whale is coming for us full tilt! Swim away—swim away, for your life!"

The old sailor glanced back over his shoulder. Harry had spoken truly. The harpooner in the other boat had impaled the whale again, and the monster was now rushing toward the boy and the sailor. Almost certain death now stared them in the face. They swam toward the left of the course they had been following, and the whale dashed up to them. Just then the hunters in the boat saw them, and set up a shout of horror and warning; but their cries seemed to have come too late. Down beneath the surface the two dove, just as the whale passed over the spot they had evacuated, disappeared from the view of the startled men in the boat, and the Leviathan went on.

The boat attached to the whale by the harpoon-line went dashing along in the wake of the fish, and the water was churned to foam on all sides of the space of clearing between the ice floes. The other boat had picked up the rest of the men. A moment after the whale passed the water parted, and up shot Harry's head, he puffed out a lot of water, and then gazed around.

"That was a lucky escape!" he panted. "I wonder where Ben has gone to? He dove the same time I did, and should have gone down as far as I. Jingo! I thought I was gone. Ah! what is this?"

A floating body drifted up to him with an eddying motion.

"Why," the boy muttered, as his glance fell upon the body, "it is Ben, as true as I live, and senseless, too!"

He grasped the body of the old sailor, at first fearing that he was a corpse, but a second glance dispelled that idea. He was half exhausted and sinking with his heavy burden, when the quarter boat dashed up to him, and a dozen pairs of hands were stretched out to receive the brave boy and his mate. Every one in the boat had seen Harry's gallant struggle to hold big Ben up, and as he was lifted into the boat with his burden, they cheered and cheered the intrepid little fellow to the echo.

Drenched to the skin, shivering and cold as he was, coats were offered to him at the expense of the comfort of the sailors who owned them; but Harry refused them right and left until a coat was forcibly wrapped around him. As they were being rowed back to the ship, they saw that the boat under Skidmore's command was yet being

towed away by the whale. Ben did not recover his senses until they were back on board the ship, when it was found that he suffered only from a severe blow on the head, which the whale had given him in passing. The whale was reported by the lookout up in the crow's-nest to have dashed into a mass of ice, under which it vanished, and the mate had to cut the line in order to save the boat.

This was very disappointing, but there was no help for it, and the boats had to come stringing slowly and sadly back to the ship. When Skidmore reached the deck he was in a surly mood over his failure to bring the fish back to the Arctic. He had no sooner reached the deck when Harry came tumbling up from the forecastle, in a dry suit of clothing, ahead of Ben, who had his head tied up in a bandage. In his haste the boy did not notice the mate. The result was that Harry tripped over Skidmore. He doubled up his fist, hauled off, and was just about to strike Harry a powerful blow, when Ben Bolt sprang forward.

"Le' go o' that lad!" he shouted wrathily.

"Yew mind yeour own business!" yelled Skidmore furiously.

Again he essayed to strike Harry. But before he could do so, Ben's fist caught him on the nose, and he toppled over backward on the deck. A crowd of sailors had witnessed the whole proceeding, and headed by the sailor who had hit Skidmore, they set up a cheer for Ben. It brought Captain Brandon out of his cabin. With a snarl like an angry beast, the mate got up from the deck, and pulling a pistol from his pocket, he sprang toward Ben. Ben glanced appealingly at the sailors.

"Go for him, Ben; we are wi' yer!" shouted one of them.

"Ry!" yelled the rest excitedly. "Go fer him!"

They formed in a body around the old sailor and Harry.

"Mutiny! Mutiny!" shouted Skidmore frantically.

"What is that?" demanded Captain Brandon, joining the mate with a drawn revolver. "Mutiny? That is bad! I will back you, Skidmore! Down with the rascals! We will fire together! Ready? Aim—now!"

Up went their weapons, before any explanation could be made, and they covered the group of sailors ready to fire.

#### CHAPTER V.—A Rascal's Vengeance.

Percy Darrell was suffering the pangs of a guilty conscience when he pushed his friend, Harvey Hayden, down into the yawning chasm on Cary's Island. He hurried from the spot and went into the house of ice to reflect. In the meantime Harvey had not been killed, but had fallen on a ledge of ice a few feet from the top. He lay for a long time before he regained his senses. Then he managed to climb to the top of the chasm. Not seeing anything of Darrell, he secured some of the provisions and again set out for the camp of his messmates. When he arrived at the huts of the latter, to his dismay he found them empty. But thrust in a crevice of the captain's hut was a note which read:

"Harvey Hayden.—Should you return and find this letter, you will discover that your journey has been in vain. Determined that I will retain full possession of the food depot, I have taken measures to carry my point. Having returned to camp and told the men I found food, I have led them all away—but not to the depot. Guiding them in a different direction, I will leave them to starve in a remote wilderness, from which they cannot escape. Your doom will soon follow. I will then hold possession of the depot, with all chances in my favor of surviving until some passing vessel picks me up. Once I return to civilization Marian Greenwood will become my wife, as I have sworn." PERCY DARRELL."

A broad trail led off to the east.

"I'll follow them if I have to go to the end of the earth!" Harvey exclaimed aloud.

He picked up a repeating rifle belonging to the captain, and then set off. All night Harvey traveled on. He knew they were not far ahead of him, on account of the weak condition of his messmates. He soon reached a sort of grotto, and being tired out, he stopped here and rested. But he soon fell asleep. Shortly after a man paused at the entrance of the grotto. It was Percy Darrell.

"Now is my chance," he muttered, and drawing a knife he crept in toward Harvey.

Fast asleep in the grotto amid the ice hills, east of the coast line of cold Greenland, Harvey Hayden did not know that Percy Darrell was stealthily approaching him with his sheath knife clutched in his hand to destroy his life. Having left his starving messmates where he had brought them to die, Darrell had been in the act of stealing away from them, when he saw the trail Harvey left in the snow, and followed it to the grotto.

His suspicions confirmed by seeing Harvey living there, a thrill of fierce exultation passed over him. The skeeman was desperately in love with Marian Greenwood, and it aroused the most evil passions in his breast to find that love crossed by the youth he had always deemed his best friend. Being a person of strong passions, as has been stated before, the most sincere friendship he entertained for Harvey had been suddenly turned to the most virulent hatred. Creeping slowly and cautiously into the grotto, he reached Harvey's side, and, dropping down on one knee, he raised the knife to strike a fatal blow to put an end to the young speckioneer's life.

The brave boy, whose only thought had been to save his friends, had a smile upon his face, as he was sweetly dreaming, and as the cruel knife was about to descend, he murmured in soft tones: "Mother!"

Had Percy Darrell been shot, he would not have been more startled. His face turned as pale as death, a gasping cry burst from his lips, and fairly electrified at the sound of that magical name he staggered to his feet, glaring at Harvey and recoiled a step. He knew that an anxious, loving mother awaited the return of her boy in the far-distant village, with an endless prayer to God to watch over and protect him; and the utterance of that sacred name struck a momentary chill to his heart that unnerved him. It proved Harvey's salvation. Darrel's choking cry aroused him from his slumber. With an exclamation he

sprang to his feet. One glance showed him the situation of affairs.

"Darrell!" he cried, in tones of astonishment. That word brought Percy to his senses.

"Yes," he replied. "Darrell—and he has got you just where he wants you, too! Nobody knows that we are here, and we will have no interference, as a consequence. Our feud has got to have an end right here."

"Ah, I see you mean fight?" replied Harvey.

"Precisely, sir. I will tell you something. Just as I was on the point of stabbing you, while you slept, you muttered the name 'Mother,' and it broke my resolution, and aroused you."

"Yes," said Harvey tremulously, "I was dreaming of her."

"You will never see her again!"

"I hope I will. But that depends entirely upon which of us wins."

"It will be a duel to the death, Harvey Hayden!"

"I am sorry that your evil passion has brought this kind of an ending to our friendship. But—so be it!"

"On guard now; I give you a chance to defend yourself."

Harvey drew his knife. Only a few paces separated them. As the duelists, with simultaneous accord, rushed at each other, the figure of a man darted in toward them. It was Captain Mark Marline. A look of horrified surprise was on his face. He had overheard their conversation. Raising his hand, he cried in tones of command:

"Hold! What is the meaning of this folly?"

"The captain!" exclaimed Darrell, aghast, as he recoiled a step.

"And just in time, too!" Harvey muttered, with a sigh of relief.

"I want an explanation of this scene," said Marline emphatically.

"You shall have it, captain," said Harvey, lowering his knife. "He is jealous of me for superseding him in the love of a girl in Nantucket. To avenge himself, he wants to not only kill me, but he also is making an effort to murder all the crew of the *Amphion*!"

"What!" gasped the captain, in startled tones.

"It is true, captain."

"I do not comprehend you. Explain yourself more clearly, Harvey."

"Why did he lead you all here, sir?"

"He said you found a food depot over here."

"Well, sir, he lied to you most foully!"

"Good Heaven!"

"He brought you all here to starve!"

"It cannot be possible."

"The depot we found lies up at the northward, sir, not here. Now, read this letter; he left it in a crevice of your hut back at the camp."

And Harvey handed the captain the note Darrell had written. Marline perused it rapidly. A frown of anger swept over his face.

"Villainly!" he ejaculated. "Darrell, can you deny this awful charge?"

"Certainly not," replied Darrell, coolly and defiantly.

"By heavens, sir, your brassy impudence is phenomenal. You deserve a dog's death for this."

"Do you think so?"

"Ay, dash your impudence, and I'll be your executioner."

The captain pulled a pistol from his belt. Aiming it at Darrell, he fired. The skeeman uttered a groan and fell to the ground.

"You have killed him, I fear, captain," said Harvey.

"I hope I did!" replied the skipper grimly.

Harvey approached the prostrate skeeman. Kneeling down at his side, he turned Darrell over. There was a slight abrasion of the rascal's skin over his temple, which was bleeding profusely, but he was breathing.

"It is not as bad as I at first thought," said Harvey. "He lives."

"For my part, I'm sorry to hear it," said Marline.

"He has proved himself to be a scoundrel, sir."

"True. I can't kill him in cold blood, though."

"What shall we do now, sir?"

"Leave him here and go back to the men."

"He is only stunned by the bullet, sir, and will recover; had we not best make a prisoner of him?"

"There is no use, Harvey. Let him recover and go away."

"He is spiteful, captain, and may give us trouble in future."

"Oh, I guess not. If he molests us again, I'll shoot him down."

"Where are the men, sir?"

"Only a short distance from here, in an ice-cavern."

"And how came you to arrive here so opportunely?"

"After Darrell guided us here, he left us in the cave, saying that he left you at the depot, and that he would go ahead to apprise you of our coming. You remember I told you I thought I had caught the scurvy? Well, after you and he went away to find the food depot, I discovered that I was mistaken; I did not contract it. And when Darrell just left us, I noticed something peculiar in his actions, and followed him. Instead of going in the direction he said the depot was in, he went back the way we came, and entered here. But before going, as I slipped out of the cave after him and got behind a heap of ice, I was surprised to see him turn and shake his fist at the cave. That aroused my suspicions of him."

"And you arrived just in time, sir."

"I have sad news for you, Harvey."

"Sad news, sir?"

"Five more of the men are gone."

"What—dead?"

"Ay. The sickness was too much for the poor fellows."

"Then but fifteen remain?"

"No more besides you, I, and that rascal Darrell."

"Then let us go to them, sir."

"You have some food here, I see."

"Enough for one good meal for them, captain."

The skipper was delighted. They took the food up and walked away. Harvey telling Marline all about his experiences.

They reached the cave in which the sick and starving sailors were huddled together. They were a pitiable sight to behold. Hardly strong

enough to stand up, reduced to skeleton thinness, hollow-eyed, and their skin shriveled and puckered up on their wan faces, they resembled dead men rather than live beings. It made Harvey sick to look at them. They were wild with delight to get at the food he brought them, and devoured it with ravenous avidity. Left alone in the grotto, Percy Darrell arose to his feet.

"Thought I was unconscious, eh?" he muttered, as he ran to the entrance and peered out after the boy and the captain. "But I have fooled you very cleverly. Not a word you uttered escaped me. I will treasure it all up against you. And now to get away from here. I must hasten back to the depot if I wish to get the best of you. Oh, how my head aches me! An inch more and the bullet would have penetrated my brain. I shall not forget nor forgive you for that, Captain Marline. Dearly will you regret it. Oh, dearly will you regret that shot. The breach is widening between us rapidly."

He recovered his weapons, and after assuring himself that no one was watching him, he sallied out. Starting off at a rapid pace, he made tracks back in the direction he came from, and soon disappeared from view. When Harvey had dealt out all the food he brought, the men were inspired with renewed courage. He told them his story, and they agreed to tramp on toward the depot the following day, tracking Harvey and the captain, who would proceed ahead and get the provisions in readiness for them. Accordingly, on the ensuing day they started. Owing to their weakness, the unlucky men could only travel at a slow rate of speed, for although those who remained had passed over the worst stage of their sickness, they were only half well.

"We can travel together as far as the men can stand the strain, and then we will leave them and go on together to the place where the food is," said the captain.

This plan entirely met with Harvey's approval. Three weary days of travel followed, and at the end of that time they left the sick sailors behind and started ahead for the depot.

When nightfall overtook them the sharp, raw wind, which had been blowing all day, kept increasing, snow began to fall, and a terrific storm began to rage with intense violence. Objects became obscured in the blinding downfall, and the two unfortunates, vainly struggling to hurry on, knew that the sailors following could not do so any longer, as their tracks would become obliterated now. To go back and hope to find them would be useless; so with a bitter sense of woe tearing at their hearts, they struggled ahead, trusting in Providence to guide the poor sailors to the depot. Instead of abating, the storm kept increasing in fury, and it was in the darkness of the following night when, more dead than alive, they reached Cary's Island, and found the depot. But it was empty! All the food had been removed. And as they sank down, overwhelmed with wild despair, they heard a loud, jeering laugh in the voice of Percy Darrell!

#### CHAPTER VI.—An Ugly Sea-Horse.

Harvey and the captain crept over in the shelter of the depot, dragged themselves inside, and sat down on the floor dejectedly.

"Captain," said the youth, his dark eyes glinting feverishly, "did you hear that taunting laugh?"

"Ay, ay, lad; and it was the voice of Darrell, or I'm no judge."

"Then your shot at him in the grotto only could have stunned him, and, recovering, he must have hurried on ahead of us and made away with the food we were so anxious to get."

"Sure enough, lad," groaned the skipper mournfully, "an' now what'll our poor men do, I wonder?"

"As for them, captain, I wouldn't be surprised if they all will get lost in this storm. Our tracks must be wiped out, and they will have no means of pursuing us now, except by following the coast line, as I directed them to do in such a case as this."

"Weak and ill as they are, I'm sure they will not be able to keep on in the face of this storm, my boy."

"Darrell must be near here now, captain."

"And all we can expect o' him will be a treacherous shot in ther back," replied the gray-bearded officer gloomily.

"Then to prevent being taken by surprise," said Harvey, "we will divide a watch, I sleeping while you remain on guard, and vice versa."

"Good enough. An' as we will require all ther strength we can muster up, let's commence now ter get all ther rest we can."

Having made all their arrangements, Harry mounted guard first. The long, dreary night wore away, the storm continuing furiously, and the next day showing no signs of it stopping. The two were in safe and warm enough quarters, but had not tasted a morsel of food in three days. Although accustomed to hardships from being inured in the cold North since the shipwreck, they found it a hard matter to withstand the misery of starvation under the present circumstances. They were driven to desperation by the next morning, and Harvey aroused himself from his slumbers with the firm resolve to brave the perils of the storm in an effort to find something to eat.

"It is madness, Harvey," said the captain gravely. "Where can yer go? Where can yer look? This place is entirely unknown to yer, and yer might lose yerself an' perish in ther storm."

"Well, if I don't do something soon, we will die here."

Bidding the captain good-by, Harvey shouldered his rifle, left the depot, and walked away through the blinding storm. By the aid of his pocket compass, he had located the depot, and felt sure of being able to find it again. He made his way toward the north side of the island, the wind blowing the storm from the northeast, and found that the snow already fallen measured fully three feet in depth. Where to go to look for food he had not the least idea; but he made up his mind to make a complete circuit of the island, if such a thing was possible, before giving up the search. There was hardly a possibility of his being able to find the hiding place to which Percy Darrell had transferred the depot stores, but he imagined he might come across a seal. The course he was pursuing brought his face to the storm.

The hail and snow beat down fiercely, cutting and lacerating his skin as if knives were cutting

him. But he pressed on bravely, determined to accomplish something, or perish in the storm, in the effort to save his and the captain's life.

"If I could only meet Darrell," he muttered grimly. "I'd soon find out where he has hidden that food!"

In an hour he reached the shore. Near the shore he met with a tremendous ice-hill, one side of which was supported by great pillars and columns. It was broken here and there by cracks, crevices and wide apertures, through which Harvey could see that the hill was hollow. Curious to see what it looked like inside, he passed through a wide opening, and soon found himself within a large cavern. There was an opening in the roof, admitting the light of day, through which the snow and hail were pouring, and forming a heap on the floor several feet in height. The hill must have been over the water, for through an opening in the middle of the floor the boy saw a large pool of water, over the surface of which a thin film of ice had formed.

"Why, that is strange," he muttered, as he paused at the side of the pool reflectively. "The cold is so intense that this water should rightfully be frozen over. As it is not, there must be a cause for it, and that cause must be an animal of some kind."

It was evident to him that a larger animal than a seal had been at the pool, for seals only make a very small blow-hole in the ice. With his curiosity aroused, Harvey passed around a projecting ledge of ice to get a better view of the water. As he did so he did not see the face of Percy Darrell peering down at him from over a block of ice at the mouth of a hole up in the rugged wall at one side of the cavern. As Harvey got around the edge of the ledge, he was suddenly startled to hear a thunderous growl close by, that fairly made the cavern shake, and half deafening him. He sprang back, uttering a startled exclamation. At the base of the ledge he saw a tremendous walrus. Of all the phocine family there is no more ferocious-looking or more terrible enemy to encounter when it is cornered. It was twenty feet in length, five feet more in girth, and had a pair of canine teeth in its protuberant muzzle, amid the long wiry hairs, fully two feet in length.

Its body was black smooth and sparsely covered with brown hairs, becoming more numerous at the feet; its flippers were very small in proportion to the size of its enormous body, its eyes were very small, and its nostrils set high up on its head. Naturally it is a timid animal, but if it is assailed, and cannot get away into the water, it will fight with the most intense fury.

"A prize!" the youth gasped. "Oh, what a heap of food! But it will require extreme nicety, precision and skill to kill that fellow!"

Upon seeing the youth, the sea-horse, who was roaring repeatedly, at once began to drag its ponderous body over the ice toward the opening in the floor of the cavern, to make its escape. Harvey raised his rifle and fired point-blank at the animal. Its hide was extremely tough, though, and the bullet did not make much of an impression on it. Harvey hastily reloaded his weapon, and fired at the beast again. It snarled, roared, and flung its head from side to side, with anger, the ball doing but little damage to its life. See-

ing the ill-success of his shot, the boy drew his revolver, and, rushing up to the walrus, he began to fire ball after ball into the mighty body, from in front of the beast. Growling with pain, the morse came to a pause, and stood watching the youth, in a most unfriendly way, as if sizing him up.

Harvey was on the point of reloading his arms when the walrus came lumbering forward again, with a clumsy motion, its head raised, and its hoarse voice venting cry after cry. Seeing that he had no time to put a charge in his rifle or revolver, Harvey flung them aside, and drawing his long-bladed knife, he circled around the morse until he arrived at the left-hand side of the beast, and then darted in toward it. The blade was upraised, and he intended to make an attempt to drive it in the walrus' neck, as it would prove a more effective weapon than the gun or pistol, to kill the beast. As if it divined his intention, the morse suddenly turned its head, and with a loud snarl, made a dig at Harvey with its tusks.

Before the youth could get out of its way, though, the sharp point of the teeth caught in the back of the boy's coat and held him. He reached out his hand, and stabbed at the beast's neck, driving the knife-blade up to the hilt in the monster's fatty, short body. The shock made the walrus start convulsively, and it flung Harvey up on its back, much the same as it would carry its young, and again it started for the open basin of water, taking him along, held half over its neck and half over its back, by its tusks.

Struggling to get free, he was startled to hear Darrell laughing at him, not far off; and, looking up to see where the sound came from, he beheld Percy clambering down the face of the wall. The walrus had only been a short distance from the edge of the pool, and now reached it, bending its head to tumble in, in the clumsy way characteristic of the brute when diving overboard, when a peculiar intervention came just then. A comrade of the beast arose from the sea just in front of it and, finding its progress to land impeded, it at once began to butt at the fellow holding Harvey, driving it back. Seeing what a lucky turn a mere accident had given events, the young specksioneer managed to cut his jacket free, and while still clinging to the morse, he dealt it sufficient blows to disable it, and preclude the possibility of its getting back into the water.

The other sea-horses, roaring and arousing a tremendous noise, came tumbling up out of the pool, but Harvey paid no attention to them. His attention was all engaged at watching Darrell, who had raised his rifle, and was aiming squarely at his head. Getting out of the way of the walrus, which had rolled over on its side in the throes of death, he jumped behind the ledge of ice just as Darrell fired at him. Harvey had no weapon to defend himself but his knife now, as his unloaded rifle and revolver lay on the ground. The ball from Darrell's gun whistled close to his head. Had the young specksioneer been a moment later in moving from the spot he had just evacuated, his enemy's bullet would have hit him.

Peering around the edge of the ledge, Harvey gained a view of the back part of the cavern, which he had not been able to see before on ac-

count of the position he had been placed in. He then beheld a sight which brought a cry of amazement from his lips, and fairly made his blood boil. For all the stolen food from the depot was stored there.

"So this is the place to which the villain carried the cans, rolled the barrels, and transferred the packages!" he muttered.

Just then he caught sight of Darrell aiming his rifle at him again, and he drew back behind the ledge, in time to save himself from receiving the shot that was aimed at him. The din in the cavern was increasing momentarily, too, as the seahorses came up out of the water, one after another, the newcomers pushing and butting the first ones to land, back toward where Harvey was crouching, until there was at least a dozen in the cavern, and more were following. And to add to the peril of his situation, one of the huge beasts was so crowding him up against the wall that if he remained where he was much longer he would certainly be crushed to a jelly. To emerge was equally as perilous, for the moment he dared to show his body Darrell was sure to fire at him, and would probably kill him with his rifle.

#### CHAPTER VII.—Arisen from the Dead.

Before the captain or Mate Skidmore could fire at the sailors Harry Harkness sprang in between them and yelled:

"Don't fire, for heaven's sake!" Then he explained the cause of the trouble between him and Skidmore. The captain then called the mate a rascal and told him to keep his hands off of the boy.

It seemed to Old Ben Bolt that there was some mystery attached to Harry Harkness. What it was, though, he could not divine.

The Arctic was now headed for Disco Island, at which they were to stop and interview Mr. Smith, the chief inspector of North Greenland.

Two days later they made Disco Island, came to anchor, and a boat went ashore with the captain and the second mate, to interview Mr. Smith, the Inspector of North Greenland, in relation to the missing Amphion, and try to learn something about her. The governor could give them no tidings, however, as the whaler had not gone into the island-port on her way north. A terrific snow-storm came up while they were ashore, which was likely to last several days, and precluded the possibility of their putting out to sea; so it was determined to stay at the island until the weather was more propitious for sailing.

Accordingly, the Arctic was made secure at her anchorage, and the watches on board were so divided as to give all the men a chance to run ashore, to break the monotony of their long forced stay on shipboard. The captain was invited to take up his quarters at the house of the governor, accepted, and excepting for the watch on the vessel, the Arctic soon presented a most deserted appearance. On the second day the weather cleared a trifle, and Harry came ashore from the ship with a message for the captain from the mate, and to spend his day on land with Ben Bolt. When the two reached the governor's house they found the captain and Mr. Smith en-

grossed in a conversation about going up the Red River and making the most eastern shore of the island, to see some of the Esquimaux who had a village there.

The governor had offered to guide the captain to the village, and the skipper had just been thanking him for his kindness when Harry and Ben arrived. After they told him what they had been instructed to say, he told them they could go with him and the governor if they wished to. An hour later they started, armed with rifles, warmly clad, carrying alpinstocks and a sufficient quantity of food. They had a rough, precipitous road to travel, and followed the course of the river as nearly as possible. Reaching a precipitous ravine which it was impossible to cross, they turned to the left, and followed along its edges, at a safe distance. The snow beating in their faces was fairly blinding, but they kept steadily on, and at nightfall they arrived at their destination. The village was built on the shore, and comprised about thirty huts. When our friends arrived there was a scene of great excitement going on at the village, and their presence might have passed unnoticed had not the Esquimaux dogs begun to bark at them.

The presence of the governor was matter enough to arouse the deference and respect of every one in the village, and as soon as it became known that he was there, the noisy ebullition at once subsided. Toolooah, the chief of the tribe, at once approached the governor, and gravely saluted him by rubbing his nose against that of Mr. Smith. The inspector was perfectly familiar with Toolooah's language. The Esquimaux were mostly all short, broad, fat-faced people, with very dark skin, flat noses, beady black eyes, and thick lips.

"Well, Toolooah," said the governor, as the rest of the tribe drew aside and looked on at the strangers in a wondering manner, "what is the cause of all the noisy demonstration I just heard here?"

"Sick strangers," replied Toolooah.

"So you have found some sick strangers, eh?" said Mr. Smith, in the Iwillik tongue, to which the reply was made:

"Yes; nearly dead."

"Who discovered them?"

"Esquimau Joe."

"Are they white people, or Esquimaux?"

"White men-whalers."

"Where are they?" demanded the startled governor quickly.

"In my hut," replied Toolooah.

Curious to see who the unfortunates were, the four walked over to Toolooah's igloo of ice, and went in. The hut was about fifteen feet in diameter, and was crowded by a lot of white men, all of whom were sitting on the floor eating some walrus hide, with which Toolooah's fat wife provided them. The moment Captain Brandon saw the men he uttered a cry of joy, rushed up to them, and shouted wildly:

"Great Lord! they are from the Amphion!"

The startled sailors bounded to their feet with loud cries, and in a moment saw that they were in the midst of old friends! Then such a scene of confusion followed! They were indeed the fifteen men who remained of the crew of the wrecked Amphion, safe enough, if not as sound in

health as they might have been had they not passed through so much suffering.

It happened that when the storm arose obliterating the tracks of Harvey Hayden and Captain Mark Marline, the poor fellows gave themselves up as lost, for, blinded by the snow, they did not know which way to go to follow after their companions toward Cary's Island. Joe told them about the station at Disco Island, said he was on his way there, and gladly agreed to guide them there. They had just arrived an hour previously and were going to go to Mr. Smith's little village when they were found! They then told all about the wreck of the *Amphion*, and the trouble they had, Percy Darrell's treachery, and, in fact, everything.

What had become of Harvey and Captain Marline they had not the least idea, beyond the fact that they were on their way toward Cary's Island when the storm separated them. When told that they had traveled over six hundred and fifty miles since parting with their captain, they could hardly accredit the fact. An hour later the fifteen sailors, Harry, Brandon, Ben, and Mr. Smith parted with the kind, hospitable Esquimaux.

The sailors were taken back to the ship and quartered with the men there, and a week later they were on their journey to the north, hoping to find some traces of Harvey, Marline, and the rascally skeeman, Percy Darrell. The amount of interest little Harry Harkness evinced in the fate of the three missing men was actually painful to behold.

All of the boy's actions were carefully noted by Seth Skidmore, for that individual had his suspicions of Harry aroused by having once overheard the little fellow confess to Ben Bolt that he had shipped on the Arctic under a false name, the night they crossed the Arctic circle line, down in the forecastle. The mate's curiosity had been aroused over the matter, and he at last could contain the secret no longer, and told the captain about it. Harry was down below when the mate told the captain, and, receiving a summons to go to the captain's cabin, the little fellow made haste to obey, wondering, meantime, what was wanted of him. Captain Brandon sat in his cabin, at the table when the boy entered and the mate stood beside him, with such an evil look on his long, thin face, that when Harry saw it he surmised at once that something was amiss, of no particular good for himself.

"You want to see me, captain?" he queried uneasily.

"Yes, my boy. Skidmore was down in the forecastle on the night we crossed the line and heard you make a confession to Ben Bolt to the effect that you have signed and sailed under a false name. Is it so?"

Harry started, cast an execrating glance at the mate, and quietly replied, as he unflinchingly stared the captain in the eye:

"He has told you the truth, captain."

"Why did you do so, Harry?"

"Oh, I had a potent reason, sir," replied the boy.

"Will you tell me what it was, my boy?"

"No, sir. What you ask is utterly impossible."

"I recollect that you were very anxious to sail with me."

"So I was, sir. Could I have come as a pas-

senger, I would have done so, but as you know, sir, whalers are prohibited by law to carry passengers, so I was obliged to ship as a regular seaman."

"Obliged?" queried the captain sharply.

"Yes, sir—that is, if I wanted to accompany you. I will tell you this much, though, so you will not think my motive was an evil one, as Seth Skidmore has probably insinuated: I was chiefly prompted by a spirit of innocent adventure—that is all."

"I hope you have not run away from home, my lad?"

"No, captain; I am an orphan, as I once told you, and am not in the least bit accountable to any one. Indeed, sir, I am quite wealthy!"

"I trust you, my boy; I believe you, too, and if you do not choose to make your private business public, I am sure I will not try to force you to. That will do—you may go now."

Skidmore was enraged at the fruitless termination of what he fondly expected would be a downfall for the boy.

"He air gaot ther best o' me ag'in!" he muttered, as he too left the captain's cabin, "but I'll git square. I'll hev a look in his loaker tew-naight, an' see if there ain't somethin' tew gi' him away tew me, ther yaoung lubber! Oh, how I hate ther baby-faced brat!"

True to his word, at six bells (eleven o'clock), he stole down in the forecastle, crept up to the boy's little locker, standing beside the bunk in which Harry laid asleep, and lifting the lid, he rummaged in among its contents by the light of a lantern swinging from a beam. Harry awoke, saw him, and, uttering a loud cry, he sprang out on the man. The startled mate seized the boy by the throat, and they rolled over on the floor in a fierce struggle, alone and unseen.

## CHAPTER VIII.—The Tables Turned.

In the ice cavern on the northeastern side of Cary's Island Harvey Hayden was in a position of extreme peril. Standing behind the projecting ledge, near the pool of water, up out of which the walruses were coming and threatening to crush him to death against the wall, and menaced by Percy Darrell's rifle if he dared to show himself, he did not know what to do. If he remained where he was, he would die; if he attempted to try and save himself by leaving, he would be shot.

"Heaven help me," he muttered. "If I only had my rifle or pistol I could defend myself; but it is out of my reach lying on the floor. I can hardly do anything with this knife, yet it stood me in good stead when the walrus had me on its back, held there by its tusks."

The beast he had stabbed was lying on the floor dead amid its roaring companions, as he had hit a vital spot. But poor Captain Marline might starve in the food depot now for all the help Harvey could give him. It was tantalizing to see all the food in this cavern to where Darrell had doubtless transferred it, and while listening to the raging storm outside, think of the fifteen sick and starving sailors of the wrecked *Amphion*, who were dying for it. Yes, after all, as

it was unlikely that they would be able to find the island and would perish in the snow, the food could only be of service to Harvey and Mark Marline now.

The cavern was shaking with the roaring of the mors, and fearful of the beast that was pressing up so close to him, as it might take a notion to turn around and drive its teeth into his body, Harvey drew back as far as he could go. A groan of anguish escaped his lips.

"Am I to perish here?" he muttered, in desperate tones.

"Helloa, there, you!" shouted Darrell at this moment.

He did not show himself, however.

"What do you want?" demanded Harvey.

There sounded a tremendous crash just then.

"Help me, for Heaven's sake!" shrieked Darrell's voice.

The tones were full of agony, too.

"It sounds as if the ice was falling on him," thought Harvey.

"Save me! Save me!" came the wild shout again.

The roaring of the walrus almost drowned the tones, though.

"He is in trouble," gasped Harvey, in surprise.

Another great crash of ice followed thunderingly.

"Harvey!" yelled Darrell. "Quick, or the walrus will crush me!"

There was no shamming in those agonized tones.

"The wretch has certainly met with an accident," mused Harvey.

Assured of this, he resolved to venture out.

"Merciful Heaven, Harvey, forgive me, and lend me your aid!"

"I am coming!" shouted the youth.

He had to go just then to save himself from having the life crushed out of his body by the walrus then pressing against his body. Over the mighty beast's slippery back he clambered, bringing a hoarse roar from its ugly mouth and a shaking of its body. Once out of the way of the rest of the herd and around the ledge, he saw what had wrung those cries from Darrell's lips. He had fallen from an elevation, and a large cake of ice had come down upon his legs, pinioning him to the floor. To add to his misery, a large walrus was drawing close to him and threatening momentarily to crush his head to a jelly. Harvey glanced at him pityingly a moment.

"You are caught in pretty much the same kind of a trap I was," said he, "and I guess I will leave you to your fate, you villain!"

"Oh, Hayden, save me, for mercy's sake!" implored the wretched youth, in whining tones; "I know that I have deeply injured you, but I was crazed—mad with jealousy of you for winning the love of Marian Greenwood, the only girl I ever had any affection for in my life."

"You are one of the foulest-hearted men I ever had the misfortune to meet," said Harvey, in bitter tones of accusation. "You, at least, might have tried to take your petty revenge out of me alone without endeavoring to murder all the innocent crew of the Amphion. You deserve the death of a dog, and I would be doing myself a gross injustice to let you escape with your life, now that you are caught."

"I tell you, Hayden, I was mad!"

"Were you? Well, I notice that it took this misfortune to make you very sane," said the young specksioneer pointedly.

Darrell uttered a groan. He saw that Harvey was disposed to be merciless. His pinched limbs ached him dreadfully. And the walrus was now terribly close to his head. It made him desperate.

"For the last time," he groaned, "will you help me?"

Harvey considered a moment in silence.

"If I let him go, he has no gratitude, and will try to kill me!"

"Well?" anxiously demanded Darrell.

"When you had me in your power you tried to murder me," replied Harvey deliberately. "You would do it again. So I am going to leave you to your face. I have no confidence left in you."

"Murderer!" shouted Darrell frantically.

Harvey picked up his revolver and his rifle, loaded them, and then appropriated Darrell's firearms, which lay on the floor near him.

"If you won't save my life," shouted Darrell, "at least have the mercy to shoot me. I will starve to death here if these beasts don't crush me to death. Shoot me, will you?"

"No. You can then feel the pangs of what you designed we should suffer when you stole this food, you brute!"

At this juncture a man's form darkened the doorway. It was Captain Mark Marline. Fearing that Harvey would get lost in the storm, he had followed directly after the youth, before the snowflakes could obliterate his tracks, and just then arrived at the cavern and saw what was going on. The roaring of the walruses was now something dreadful.

"Hello, my lad!" shouted the captain cheerily.

"Ah, captain, you here?" queried Harvey, in surprise.

"Ay, ay, lad. I follered yer trail, an' here I am."

"I've caught Darrell, sir."

"So I see. An' a fine lot o' walrus, too."

"Captain Marline," howled the wretched Darrell, "be merciful—save me!"

"Wot's he be'n a-doin', lad?" asked the captain.

Harvey told Marline in a few words. The captain aimed the rifle he carried at the ear of the walrus which threatened the skeeman's life and fired. It uttered a loud bellow and toppled over, dead. Luckily for Darrell, it fell away from him, else he would have been crushed to a shapeless mass under its carcass.

"Why did you do that?" asked Harvey.

"Oh, there's no use in seein' him die afore our eyes wi'out doin' a turn ter help ther lubber," said the skipper feelingly.

"Remember, captain, your mercy to the wretch once nearly cost us our lives," said Harvey warningly. "He is a treacherous fellow."

"I know it, but it goes against ther grain ter let him die that way. We can make a prisoner o' him."

"Very well, sir."

Darrell vented a great sigh of intense relief. He saw that his life was to be spared.

"Captain Marline," said he gratefully, "I shall not forget your kindness. The fortune of war

may put you in my power again, and I will show you clemency, where I will have none for that cur Hayden!"

"You are very considerate," sneered Harvey.

"Oh, you think my luck will not change, I suppose?"

"Not if I can prevent it."

"Well, we shall see."

The captain took a piece of rope from around a package of the food stored at the back of the cavern, and tied Darrell's hands behind his back; then aided by Harvey, the old fellow removed the great cake of ice from off the skeeman's body and dragged him out. His legs were bruised so by the ice that he could not stand up. So they carried him to the top of a gallery, out of the way of the snarling and roaring walrus, more of which were coming up through the circular basin in the floor of the cavern. They then opened some of the cans of food and satisfied their hunger, as it will be remembered that they were half starved.

An examination was then made of Darrell's limbs, and it was found that he was not injured as badly as they at first imagined he was. The walrus remained in the cavern all that day, but at nightfall they disappeared one by one, leaving only the two which had been killed. The storm raged for a week, and by the time it subsided Harvey and the captain came to the conclusion their messmates had perished.

As soon as the weather cleared off sufficiently they transferred the food back to the depot, with the cut-up flesh of the two morse. Darrell was kept a close prisoner in the meantime, his legs as well as his arms being bound with ropes. Summer months though they were having, it was of no use for them to attempt to travel in hopes of finding a whaling depot, for they did not know in what direction to proceed, and might perish in the trial. Having plenty of food to last them at least a year, it was more prudent to stay where they were, they considered. If they could have carried enough food with them to last a long time, they might have started; but as they could not very well take more than enough to last a week, they resolved to run their chances with a certainty in their possession.

In this state of affairs a month passed by. Then an incident occurred to break the even tenor of their lives. Percy Darrell made his escape from them. It happened in this manner: He had been constantly bound hand and foot and confined in the cave, where he received his meals as regularly as Harvey and the captain ate theirs; but they rarely addressed a word to him. When given any fresh meat, he was invariably handed a knife to cut it, his hands being freed for the purpose while so engaged. On a certain occasion he kept the knife concealed. It was not missed, and when Harvey and the captain went away from the depot on a hunting expedition, he was gone, his severed bonds and the knife telling how he managed to make his escape. He took some of the canned food, a rifle and a knife with him. Harvey's consternation on making the fatal discovery knew no bounds, and he said to the captain regretfully:

"We would have been far better off if he had perished in the cavern with the walruses, Captain Marline."

"True, my lad," replied the skipper. "But I could not let ther rascal die sich a horrible death wi'out a-helpin' him to avoid it."

"Well, sir, we must now look out for treachery, for he will not rest easy until he does us an injury."

And from that day onward they kept a steady watch, always on the lookout for an unexpected attack, but the days passed without Darrell showing himself or making any decided movement against them. The wretch was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to carry out his wicked designs, however, as they soon learned, his object being to catch them off their guard to make success positive. One morning the captain and Harvey left the depot to make a trip to the main, with the intention of getting some seal-milk from a snow house which the skipper had discovered. When they returned, night had fallen, and they were excessively hungry, not having eaten anything since the time they started. The provisions had been stacked in a small anteroom they had built, attached to the cave at the back.

But upon going in to get some of the cans, Harvey was dismayed to find that all the food had again been removed. He ran on to tell the captain, when he heard a terrific crash, and saw the skipper fall to the floor, uttering a loud groan. At the same time he beheld a huge mass of ice fall over the doorway of the cave, blocking it up so that egress was now an utter impossibility, as it must have weighed many tons.

"Darrell!" was the first ejaculation that burst from his lips.

"Ay," groaned the captain, starting to his feet in a dazed manner. "Did you see ther piece o' ice he flung in ther door at me? It struck ther back o' my head an' knocked me silly, my lad."

"And that cake of ice blocking up the doorway?"

"It was a-hangin' over ther top o' ther cave. Fer a long time I feared it might fall, and he must a-shoved it down jist now."

"The food is all gone, sir. He means to starve us to death!"

"Can't we cut through ther walls o' ther cave, or melt ther ice?"

"It is at least five feet thick, and he will no doubt watch all sides of this place; the moment we show ourselves cutting through the ice, I am sure he will shoot us down," said the youth despondently.

Nevertheless, they went to work and after a long time succeeded in cutting their way out. But they saw nothing of Darrell. They spent some time trying to find out what he did with the food he had stolen, but were unsuccessful. Finally they started on a back trail. The next day they met an Esquimau who told them of the rescue of fifteen white men. The captain and Harvey now felt sure that they were their comrades. The native, who gave his name as Owanark, consented to guide them to Upernivik, and led them to an ice hut to pass the night before starting on their journey. But they did not know that Darrell was near and in company with the Esquimau. When the captain and Harvey woke up the next morning they found the ice hut sealed up and their arms and ammunition gone.

## CHAPTER IX.—Harry's Exposure.

The interruption Seth Skidmore met with in the forecastle of the Arctic, was very startling to the rascal. After his exposure to Tom Brandon, of what he heard Harry tell Ben Bolt about himself, he imagined that he could find out more about the little harpooner by ransacking his locker. But unluckily for his design, Harry was awakened just in time to spring out of his bunk, seize upon him, and prevent the continuance of his sly design to pry into his private affairs.

The mate had gained a firm clutch upon the little fellow's throat, and as the boy was no match for the lanky mate, it seemed as if he must soon succumb to the murderous hands of his enemy. Had any of the men been below, they would have helped the boy. But all, including the fifteen men of the Amphion, found at Disco, were up on deck, helping to navigate the Arctic on her way toward Cary's Island, to go to the rescue of Harvey Hayden and Captain Marline, whom they supposed to be at the food depot. At the time of the mate's attack, the ship had passed Upernavik, and was bowling along the western coast of Greenland, in the first clear water they had in a good many days. The coast was within a league of the vessel's course, as the captain was desirous of keeping as much leeway as possible, in order to make Cary's Island without going too far out of his course.

Harry fought the mate with all the energy in his little body, for he comprehended that Skidmore would kill him with a good grace if he had the chance to do so without being discovered. The little fellow's strength was not equal to his determination, however, and he soon became exhausted and ceased to struggle.

The longer he held the boy, the stronger grew the desire upon him to murder the little fellow to satiate his petty spite. In the terrible and sudden spasm of fury that assailed him he shook the boy, and seemed to gloat over seeing his face become livid, his eyes to almost burst from their sockets, his tongue to loll out from his mouth, his lips to swell and blood to burst from every pore.

It would require but a few more moments to utterly kill the little fellow, the mate knew it, but not a trifle did his hands relax. But a brawny fist struck him alongside of the head at the very moment when he thought he was about to end the boy's life, and he was knocked flying across the forecastle as if he was a ninepin.

"By ther powers o' sin!" shouted the voice of Ben Bolt, in tones of towering passion, "but ther lubber is a-tryin' ter murder ther lad an' not a soul on han' ter len' a helpin' han' ter ther kid but me!"

He picked the little fellow up as he spoke, and tenderly laid him in his berth in an unconscious state. The mate got up from the floor. His long, thin face was marked from Ben's fist. He was in a terrible fury, a black scowl was on his brow, and he drew his sheath-knife from his belt, as he sprang toward the old sailor.

"By heavens, yew will pay fer that blaow!" he yelled.

"Will I, now?" said Ben, and he drew his own knife.

"This air ther second taime yew hev struck

me!" shouted the mate, an' it'll be ther last taime, tew!"

He reached the old sailor's side as he spoke, and aimed a terrible blow at him with his knife, but Ben neatly parried it. The blades of their weapons came together with a sibilant hiss, the hard steel emittin' sparks, and then they clinched. Just at this moment the noise they made brought some of the men from the deck, and as they came tumbling down the companionway stairs and saw what was transpiring, they set up a wild shout. The next moment they rushed up to the combatants, fell upon them, separating them, and flung them aside.

"Let us be!" shouted the mate, in furious accents, as he sprang to his feet, and with a wild glare in his eyes made another rush for the intrepid old sailor, with the evident intention of renewing the battle.

The knife had been knocked out of his hand, though, and one of the sailors took care to secure it before he could lay his hands on it. Ben was rather glad than otherwise that an interruption had taken place, as he knew that a severe battle would have been the result if they had been left alone. The old sailor was not afraid of the rascally first mate, but was much averse to a fight of the kind that seemed to have been imminent.

Fearing rough treatment at the hands of the men, the frightened mate began to shout for the captain, hoping thereby to save himself. His cries were evidently heard by the skipper, for an instant afterward Tom Brandon came rushing down in the forecastle. Before the mate could say a word, though, Ben told the captain all about his treacherous attack on the little harpooner. The skipper was amazed as a consequence, and ordered the men to bring the rascal up on deck to inquire into the case thoroughly.

Ben attended to Harry, and within a few minutes he had the boy restored to consciousness, and helped him up on deck after the others. Harry then told the captain his story, and Brandon ordered the men to drag the rascally first mate down below and confine him in the hold. There was a small compartment up forward, into which they thrust him, the door was locked on the outside, and he was left to meditate over the prospect of being confined there until the return of the ship to port, perhaps six months hence, when he could expect nothing save a long term of imprisonment in jail. It was several days after that before the boy entirely recovered from the effects of his rough treatment, and was able to resume his regular duties on deck with the others.

"Ben," said he to the old sailor, one afternoon, as they stood up in the bow, gazing off toward the hazy shore of frigid Greenland, "you have twice saved my life from that villain, and I feel awfully grateful toward you. When the time comes for us to return to port, I will tell you all about myself, and you will see that you have not wasted your kindnesses on an unworthy person, my old friend."

At this moment the boy happened to glance off toward the shore, and to his amazement he discerned what looked like the figure of a man standing upon a rocky eminence, waving something in the air to attract the attention of those on the ship toward him.

"Ben!" the boy exclaimed excitedly, as he pointed at the strange object, "what in the world is that thing over there?"

"Blow me!" gasped the old sailor, with a violent start, "ef it ain't a man, an' he's a-wavin' his coat ter us, too."

They looked again to assure themselves that they were not mistaken, and the boy ran aft, shouting the news to the men. The captain was standing at the wheel with the helmsman at the time, and as soon as he heard the news he ran into his cabin, got his binocular and hurried up forward to catch a glimpse of the fellow. The shore at that spot was rugged with icy hills, the earth was all covered with snow, and afar in the distance rolled away a huge chain of hills that looked very much like mountain peaks.

The shore was about five miles distant, the man upon a high elevation, and, although he looked like a pygmy, his clothing being dark and contrasted against the background of ice and snow, he was plainly visible to the naked eye. Long and earnestly the captain looked, and at last lowering his glass, he turned to Ben with the remark in quiet tones:

"He is a man, and a white man in the bargain, Ben."

"Wants ter board us, don't he, sir?" queried the sailor.

"Evidently so. You can pass the word, Ben, to let the Arctic fall off a few points. We will run in as close to the shore as possible, and if that fellow wants to board us, we can come up in the wind, lower a boat and have him on our decks in a jiffy, eh?"

"Jist ther thig, sir," replied the old sailor.

"Besides," continued the skipper reflectively, "who knows but what he may be able to give us some information about the lost captain of the Amphion, Harvey Hayden, and that rascally skeeman who tried to starve all those who remained of the crew of the whaler?"

"There must be some reason fer a white man ter be here all alone on them bleak an' barren shores, sir," said Ben.

He hurried away as he spoke, and approaching the quartermaster, he gave the captain's instructions. The ship wore around on another tack, and stood away for the shore at a rate of about ten knots, with a strong wind blowing. The man's figure became more distinct as they drew closer to the shore, and they soon made him out to be a tall person, clad in a suit of bearskin and carrying a rifle in his hand. When the ship arrived within two miles of the shore she was hove up in the wind's eye, and as the canvas began to flutter one of the quarter boats was lowered, manned by four sailors and the captain, and rapidly pulled away toward the shore to pick the man up.

Harry climbed up in the rigging on the lee side with a glass of his own, and holding himself in the shrouds, he watched the movements of the stranger on shore with the most intense excitement delineated upon his pretty little face. The quarter boat had hardly traversed half of the distance to the shore when the boy saw the man run down the hill, and an instant later over the top of the elevation there appeared the heads and bodies of a score of Esquimaux. They pointed at the flying form of the white man, and then

at the ship, and then raising the spears they carried, they flung them at the man with such force, accuracy and dexterity that the weapons whizzed through portions of the individual's clothing, grazing his skin. Not one of the spears pierced his flesh, however. And as the Esquimaux ran down the hill in pursuit of the man, more of them appeared at the summit, and rushed after their companions. It was very apparent that the Esquimaux were hostile to the white man, and were bent upon his destruction if it were possible. Reaching the water, the fugitive ran into it and began to swim toward the boat as fast as he could go to escape his enemies.

Fortunately he had not far to go, and the captain soon picked him up. They were rowed rapidly away from the shore, and just got out of range as another shower of spears and arrows flew through the air. Harry saw at least a half hundred Esquimaux congregate on the shore, gesticulating wildly, and evincing by every motion that they were mad over the escape of the man from reach of their weapons. Back came the quarter boat with the stranger, who was talking to the captain very earnestly, and Harry came down from the rigging as the boat drew closer, and, joining Ben, the boy began to talk to the old sailor about the newcomer in the most serious manner. A few minutes later the boat reached the side of the vessel, the davit-lines were made fast, and the boat and its crew were hoisted up to the deck, where all disembarked. All hands on board had been attracted to the side by the news of what was transpiring, and as the rescued man stepped on deck the men all drew back and looked at him curiously.

"Percy Darrell!" came a shout from one of the Amphion men.

He had recognized the young rascal at a glance. He was indeed the treacherous skeeman, alive and well, having seen the ship, after deserting his captain and Harvey in the igloo, and he had broken faith with the Ooquesiksillik Esquimaux while on his way toward Upernavik, deserting them to get on the vessel. A shout of horror escaped his lips when he saw who had recognized him, and he glanced at the captain, to whom he had given a fictitious name and a lie about himself when saved from the Esquimaux. A dark frown overspread the skipper's face.

"So you have lied to me, have you?" he asked angrily.

"Ay, ay!" shouted the Amphion sailors.

"And you are the infamous wretch who tried to murder these men?"

"No, no, no!" cried the trembling Darrell, starting back in terror.

Harry had been standing amid the group of men eagerly listening to all that was passing, and as Ben Bolt stepped aside, the little boy appeared directly in front of Darrell without knowing it.

"He can't deny it, cap'n," shouted one of the men. "We all knows ther black-hearted rascal. Why didn't yer le' ther Esquimaux kill him?"

"I am sorry I did not know who he was while at the shore, or I would have left him there," replied the skipper, glaring at the skeeman.

Darrell saw that he was exposed. He fell on his knees before the captain. Tears streamed

from his eyes with fear. He raised his clasped hands beseechingly.

"Spare me!" he whined piteously.

"Tell me, where are Mark Marline and Harvey Hayden?" said Brandon.

"Both are dead!" lied the vengeful wretch.

"Oh, God!" shrieked Harry Harkness.

And throwing up his hands, he fell prone beside Darrell in a faint. The skeeman looked at the boy in amazement. Gradually the look intensified. And bounding to his feet, he shouted wildly, pointing at Harry:

"Marian Greenwood—disguised as a boy, by heavens!"

Had a bomb burst on the deck, all hands could not have been more astonished than they were to hear this announcement.

#### CHAPTER X.—Washed Ashore.

Little Harry Harkness, a girl—Marian Greenwood! Darrell's words were true, though, and every man on the deck of the Arctic believed what he said, for the little harpooner looked more like a girl than a boy, and Darrell had no object in making such a claim. Having fainted when the skeeman said Marline and Hayden were dead, the youngster's appearance was more like that of a girl than ever. The moment that Darrell arose to his feet two of the Amphion's crew had seized hold of the rascal. The Esquimaux commanded by Owanark and his brother Equeesik went over the ice hill, on shore, as soon as the man they had been chasing was taken on board the whaler.

They saw that he could be neither recaptured nor killed. Two days had they journeyed from the igloo in which they had left Marline and Hayden to save the life of the treacherous skeeman, and in the end he had duped them and disgusted them. But he had fared just as badly by falling into the hands of those on the whaler, for they had a record of his criminality. Ben Bolt sprang forward as soon as the little harpooner fainted, and carried her into the captain's cabin at the skipper's order. Darrell gazed after her as if he could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, until he was aroused by a rough shake by the captain.

"Percy Darrell, I am glad that you have fallen into my hands," said the skipper, "for if Marline and Hayden have perished I will be enabled to see that retribution is meted out to their murderer!"

"Do you mean to say that I kill them?" demanded Darrell.

"Of course I do."

"You will have to prove that, sir!"

"Every man who is left of the unfortunate crew of the Amphion is ready and willing to swear to your perfidy, you rascal!"

"Oh, they are all enemies of mine," said Darrell caustically, "and would perjure themselves to get me in trouble."

"Not a bit of it. They are all honest men, and would only condemn you from certain knowledge of your iniquity."

"Did any of them see me kill my captain and Hayden?"

"No. But they do know that you attempted it,

and if they are dead, as you claim, it stands to reason that you killed them."

"Such evidence as that does not amount to a row of pins."

"How do you know, then, that they are dead?"

"Oh, this is the way it happened: We found the food depot and lived there a while, when those Ooquesiksillik Esquimaux found us. They are a bad lot, and, wanting our arms, they killed my two companions, made a prisoner of me, and were carrying me away, when I escaped them, saw this vessel, hurried to the shore, signaled you, and thus managed to get away from the miscreants, saving my life."

"Your story sounds plausible enough."

"And it is true," said Darrell, believing his lie would save him.

"Should I find that you have done any harm to the two men I am in search of, you will get the full measure of punishment for your crime," said the captain.

"That is satisfactory to me, sir."

At this moment Ben Bolt came out of the captain's cabin with Marian. The girl had recovered from her faint, and although her face was as pale as death, she was in full possession of her faculties. Both the captain and Ben now understood the secret of the girl, which the first mate had tried to fathom. She was the daughter of an old sea captain with whom Ben had sailed on many a whaling cruise, and to hide her sex she had signed articles under a fictitious name, for every man in Nantucket knew that Marian Greenwood was the only person of her name in the village. Had she disclosed her name, it was likely that her identity would have been suspected, and she would have been debarred from sailing on the Arctic in search of her missing lover.

"As you have recognized me, and disclosed my identity to all," said she, when she reached Darrell's side, "I may as well own up to the truth at last. I sailed in this ship to learn some tidings of Harvey Hayden, the one to whom I am engaged to be married. As a girl, the captain would not have shipped me, so I disguised myself. You say that Harvey is dead, but I do not believe you, Percy Darrell."

"I do not force you to," he replied coolly. "And I must add that you must think a good deal of your lover to so disgrace your womanly modesty as to play such a prank as this."

The girl's face became suffused with a blush to the roots of her hair, but she was not daunted by his cutting and sneering remark.

"My love for Harvey is so sincere," she replied, "that I would not have hesitated at any honorable means to follow and try to give him my aid. It is true that what I have done is not in accordance with propriety, but there was nothing disgraceful about it."

"Well," said the spiteful Darrell, "your quest has been in vain. He is dead, as I told you before, and my successful rival, as you are pleased to term him, cannot have you after all. Ha, ha, ha!"

The girl started violently, showing how his cruel words cut her, and the captain turned to the two men who held Darrell with a frown on his face, and said sternly:

"Take that wretch below ere he can give us any more lies!"

A sneering laugh burst from the skeeman's lips as he was led away.

"By this time to-morrow," said the skipper to Marian, "we ought to make Cary's Island and discover the truth of the matter."

The captain then walked away and all the sailors looked at the girl in a queer way, much as if they were ashamed of themselves over something, and did not know exactly what it was. But they soon accustomed themselves to the novelty of the situation, and to see the respectful manners and deferential ways they assumed was comical in the extreme to the girl. Ben Bolt was perhaps the most of all affected, but he had always espoused and championed the little harpooner's cause, and now took an especial delight in showing that he was considered the best friend the girl had among the men, whereat Marian laughed most heartily.

The following day broke clear and hazy; that is, with a clear sky, and a dense haze floating up from the ice-bound shores. It was about noon-time, when all hands were startled by hearing the man sing out in hurried tones:

"Somethin' black a-floatin' off ter port in ther water; looks like land."

Everybody rushed to the port side of the ship to catch a glimpse of what the man had seen, foremost among them being the captain, with his glass, and Marian Greenwood. They discerned a huge, dark object, but a closer scrutiny showed them that it was nothing more or less than a large whale. Anxious to secure it, the captain ordered the boats down, and the first person to beg him to be permitted to go was Marian. The skipper was reluctant at first, but the girl pleaded so hard, and the captain was so sure of her capturing the leviathan, that at last he consented to her going in the boat with Ben Bolt. A few moments later away shot the little harpooner's boat toward the monster, and three more followed it in quick succession. The whale was blowing a jet of vaporous breath and water, and going in toward the land at a slow rate of speed.

The boat containing the girl whizzed through the water at a swift rate, and soon neared the monster fish, when the oars were muffled, and they proceeded at a slower and more cautious pace. Marian had taken up her position in the bow of the boat, clutching at a harpoon gun's barrel, and when they were close enough she fired the piece with such precision that the harpoon was imbedded in the whale's side, almost up to the stock, and the boat recoiled a fathom from the discharge, then the whale sounded. The monster was located as to where it would be likely to rise, and just as the other boats reached the vicinage of Marian's boat, up it came and away it rushed toward the shore, dragging the quarter boat after it, as all the line they carried was played out.

For fully an hour the monster kept steadily on, and at last, with a thunder of the surf, it suddenly beached itself. Thrown upon the shore in its blind agony and in such shoal water that it could never get back in the sea, the stranded whale was now an easy prey for its captors; but they met with a mishap just then. The terrific undertow, created by the fish stranding, swamped their boat and threw it, smashed to pieces, on the shore. All the men were thrown out in the

water and were washed up on the shore by the force of the waves.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

Entombed alive in the igloo, the entrance of which had been sealed up by Percy Darrell and the rascally Esquimaux, Owanark, Harvey and the captain were in a state of the utmost despair. There was not the slightest possibility of their forcing their way out, for Darrell had stolen all their arms and implements away while they were fast asleep. The lamp which the Esquimaux had given them for light and heat soon consumed all the oil it contained, and their misery was augmented by being cast in darkness, for the light of day cannot very well penetrate the thick walls of these huts of ice.

Of course they did not know that their trouble was attributable to Darrell, as they had not seen the rascal at the camp. The fact was, though, that he had met the Esquimaux before they did, and made the bargain with them that culminated in their being entrapped; and while they were at the camp, he had been safely hidden from their sight in an igloo near by. It was he who had planned the whole thing.

"The traitorous Esquimaux have fastened us in here to starve us to death!" said Harvey, in tones of despair.

"Ay, ay, my lad, that's how it is," replied the captain, after he had assured himself that there was no chance to get out. "All as they wanted was to steal all our arms and other things, an' they had it in their treacherous minds ter kill us from ther beginnin'."

"It is singular how unlucky we have been about being deprived of food ever since Darrell and I fell out," commented Harvey.

"Sure enough. But what are we ter do—remain here passive an' die o' starvation now, Harvey?"

"I do not know what else we can do, sir."

The walls of the igloo were at least three feet thick, and, having been thoroughly covered with water, which had frozen the ice blocks together firmly, there was not much chance of them breaking through. So the long, weary day passed by, their shelter being warm enough, and the porous ice not inconveniencing them any to respire freely. When the next day dawned they began to feel the pangs of hunger. It was the terror that they most dreaded. They became silent and moody despite their first efforts to cheer each other up with vain, shallow hopes of some one eventually rescuing them, for both knew only too well how isolated the place was. Two days more went by, and they became ravenous for food.

They furtively sized up each other's limbs. A horrible thought crept silently into their minds. They dared not give utterance to it. Cannibalism! There was no other way to sustain life.

Yet they put off the terrible idea as long as possible. There was not much nourishment in chewing up their skin clothing. But they did it. The relief was only temporary. At the end of the seventh day they had hardly a rag left. Two more days passed by; then the crisis came. Harvey was awakened by a strange sensation in the

evening. The starved captain was bending over him and feeling of his arm. There was a wild light in his eyes, and as he saw that the youth had been awakened he recoiled with a hoarse laugh.

"What were you doing?" asked Harvey, in low, strained tones, for the suffering he was enduring had almost deprived him of the power of speech, and like the wretched captain, his face was drawn, his lips parched, and his eyes burning with fever.

"Nothing," said Marline guiltily.

"I see how it is, captain."

"Starvation is terrible, Harvey."

"I know. One of us must die so the other can live a little longer."

"We will draw lots."

The trembling captain broke off two icicles, a guilty look on his rugged face, and never daring to look Harvey in the face meantime. He held the icicles toward Harvey, exposing only the ends. The boy chose one. A terrible cry pealed from the captain's lips, and he staggered back against the wall.

"I hev lost!" he wailed, in agonized tones.

"And I refuse to kill and eat you!" the boy exclaimed huskily.

Marline grasped the noble youth's hand. Tears were in his eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion.

"God bless yer, my lad!" he exclaimed huskily.

At this moment there sounded a terrific uproar outside of the igloo, making them start, tremble and glance at each other in amazement. The door was smashed open, and they almost fainted, thinking that friends had arrived at the last moment to save them. They were dragged out in the open air, and as soon as their eyes became accustomed to the glare of the departing day, they looked at their companions, and to their surprise saw that they were Esquimaux. Moreover, they were Owanark's band, the very same ones who had made prisoners of them at the instigation of Darrell. But the Esquimaux had not come back to save their lives, as they soon found out. Infuriated at the treacherous way that Darrell had treated them, they had come back to spite themselves upon the skeeman's victims. It did not take Harvey and the captain long to see that they were in danger of their lives.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the captain, in Esquimau.

"Your friend, the white youth, has deceived us," replied Owanark.

"Yes. He promised to pay us for helping him to reach Upernavik."

"And did he not get you to imprison us in the igloo?"

"He did."

The captain told Harvey what he learned.

"But what has become of the white youth?" asked Marline of Owanark.

"He ran away and boarded a ship."

Owanark then ordered his men to bind the hands of his two prisoners behind their backs, and it was done accordingly. They had their dogs and sledges with them, but leaving them where they were, they told the captain and Harvey to accompany them over to a high cliff near the sea-shore, the great wall being covered with ice from

top to bottom. The two unlucky ones walked along in silence after that, with all their enemies surrounding them, talking angrily among themselves.

They soon reached the cliff, at the base of which the two castaways were stationed against the wall. The Esquimaux then drew back from them a dozen paces, and formed in two rows facing Marline and Harvey, with their spears upraised. They were just about to fling their spears when there suddenly sounded the sharp crack of a dozen revolvers. Marline and Harvey opened their eyes, uttered a simultaneous cry of joyful surprise, and beheld a half score of sailors running around the edge of the cliff from the shore. A hail of bullets whizzed around the Esquimaux, and uttering a shout of affright, they suddenly turned around and fled in dismay. Up to the half fainting castaways ran the sailors, with a loud cry of joy, and the next instant their bonds were cut, and they were free. Harvey looked at his rescuer.

"Marion Greenwood!" he shouted, in wild surprise.

"Harvey, oh, Harvey!" screamed the brave girl.

And the next moment she had her arms around the youth's neck, and pillowing her head upon his bosom, she burst into a fit of tears. Marline was fairly thunderstruck. But a few words explained all to him. The sailors who had rescued them were some of his own men, and had been on the shore, cutting up the stranded whale, to transfer the blubber to the Arctic, which at that moment rode at anchor in the offing. Marian chanced to go up on the shore, around the edge of the cliff, and had seen the Esquimaux preparing to kill the two, when she called the men, and they were rescued, as has been told. They all went on board of the Arctic a short time later, and the good captain, Tom Brandon, was given an immense surprise. Explanations having been repeated all around again, a general jollification followed, and all hands turned in feeling very happy.

The rest of the whale having been brought on board, Brandon found his casks filled to overflowing, and nothing remained but to hoist sail, 'bout ship, and sail away from the frozen north, homeward bound. This was accordingly done, and they had a safe voyage back to the old fisher village of Nantucket, where they arrived in due course of time; a report was made of the loss of the Amphion, and Darrell and Seth Skidmore were put in the hands of the authorities. They were both tried for their offense and sent to jail.

Harvey's mother had died during his absence, and as Marian was not averse to marrying him to fill her place in his home, they were united. Marline and his saved remnant of a crew, with new men to fill the places of the lost ones, and Brandon with his men went away to sea after that. But Harvey's rich wife would not allow him to follow a seafaring life, after the rough experience they both had, so he became a land-lubber, and when Ben Bolt or any of the friends of the young couple are on shore, they ever find a hearty welcome at Harvey's pretty home.

Next week's issue will contain "THE METEOR EXPRESS; or, THE PERILOUS RUN OF A BOY ENGINEER."

## CURRENT NEWS

## A TWELVE-TON CHEESE.

A cheese is being manufactured for exhibition at the New York State Fair in Syracuse. It will weigh 12 tons and will require 150,000 pounds of milk, or a day's output of 7,500 cows.

## HEAVY STORMS IN SWITZERLAND.

This has been a strange year for Switzerland, first the drought, then the severe snow storms which sent Alpine climbers to the shelter huts. From 20 to 30 inches of snow fell in some places about the 6,000 foot level. The thermometer dropped 30 degrees.

## CEYLON GRAPHITE.

In the Island of Ceylon graphite is found in greater abundance than in any similar sized area in the world. The soil and rocks of Ceylon are almost everywhere impregnated with graphite, so that it may be seen covering the surface in the sewers after a rain. The supply is practically inexhaustible. The peculiarity of Ceylon graphite is its extreme purity.

## BIG BED OF OCHRE.

A substance resembling brown coal, found within twenty-four miles of Guatemala City, and within fifteen miles of the railroad, has been found to be ochre, which when mixed with water and lime produces a good quality of paint. It is believed by the Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that an excellent business might be built up in this material. The supply appears to be very large.

## RHONE DEVELOPMENT.

The French have some ambitious plans for the development of the Rhone River. It is planned to make this waterway into a water transport line that will rival the Rhine and will serve for irrigation of over 600,000 acres of land. Also 900,000 kilowatts of cheap electric current is to be made available, thus saving coal imports to the value of at least 600 million francs a year. River ports will have to be improved or at least created and joined by rail with the main land arteries of traffic. The Rhone River flows west and south from Lake of Geneva to the Mediterranean Sea.

## WHAT RATS DO.

Experts have estimated that one rat will consume forty to fifty pounds of food in a year. It has also been figured that it requires the continuous work of about 150,000 men with farms, agricultural implements, and other equipments to supply the foodstuffs destroyed annually by rats in the United States. In addition, rats destroy other property, mainly of agricultural origin, the production of which requires the work of about 50,000 men. This gives a total of 200,000 men whose economic output is devoted solely to feeding and otherwise providing for rats.

## BOAT'S PROPELLER KILLED A SHARK.

Henry Owens had the scare of his life when he was making his way into Horn Harbor, in Mathews County, Va., a few days ago, in his motor boat.

His boat was speeding along at about 14 knots when it struck some obstacle that shook the craft from stem to stern. The boat was in deep water and a clear channel. Owen could not account for the collision with the submerged object.

The boat's engine went dead after the collision, and Owen went to the stern of his boat to see what the trouble was. He found the fast revolving propeller of his boat had killed a shark. There was blood all over the surface of the water.

The shark measured nine feet. Its body was cut in several places when it came to the surface after its contact with the propeller.

## CAT NURSES RAT.

Two small kittens and a young rat make the happy family of a fond mother cat at Enfield, N. C., according to J. T. Ethridge, who took a peep into the barrel which serves as the family home at I. D. Wood's store at Enfield.

The mother cat, according to Ethridge, found two kittens many days ago, and on the day after the kittens came caught a young rat and carried it to her barrel home. Evidently the mother instinct got the better of her or else the kittens and the rat developed a case of love at first sight, for the mother speedily changed her killing intentions and welcomed the rat into the freedom of the home.

Now she is nursing the rat and the two kittens, while the adopted member has developed into an affectionate youngster, playing with the mother cat and licking her fondly as do the young kittens. On top of that the new life appears to be agreeing with the rodent, as he has grown considerably since his adoption.

## HOW TO GET AHEAD OF PENNY MACHINE.

New Yorkers have accustomed themselves to the caprices of the chewing gum slot machines, which, if they return neither your money nor your gum one time, they give you two or three pieces of gum and a piece of chocolate, all for one cent the next time. The reasoning is that if the machine "puts one over" on you, you "put one over" on the machine when you get more than your money's worth. Now has come the man who is able to fool the weighing machine in the subway stations.

These weighing machines promise to return your money if you place the red hand on your proper weight. The individual in question moved the red hand to 138 pounds, got on the scale and put his cent in. The scale registered 139 pounds. All at once some brilliant idea struck the man, and he removed his light coat, and hung it on the back of the scale. Down went the indicator to 138, and the coin came back.

# The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

## The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

At length the bushes were reached.

Once within the cover of the heavy growth they were full of confidence, for they at once dropped down into the dry bed of the stream that flowed there in flood time and were completely hidden from view. The bushes were not high enough to conceal them had they stood erect, but moving in a crouching position they were safe from the eyes of those within the camp.

Down the gully they crept, Tom straining his ears to catch any sound from the rear that might indicate that his escape had been discovered. This put an idea into his mind, and he turned to his companion.

"Trailing Bush, if they discover that I am gone they will come rushing down the gully, for the slit in the rear wall of the tent will tell them which way I have gone."

"Well?"

"I have no weapon."

The Shoshone stopped short, thrust his hand into the breast of his hunting shirt and drew forth two revolvers, bright and new.

"After you saved my life and warned me that I needed something better than a shotgun to protect myself from the men of my tribe, who would rob and murder me, I went into town at once and bought these. Take one."

Tom thankfully took one of the pistols and felt that if pursuit did come that he was prepared to account for more than one of his enemies before they could retake him. Then they went on their way again.

A quarter of a mile further the Shoshone came to a halt.

"What's the trouble?" asked Tom.

"When I came up the gully," answered Trailing Bush, "I found a climb of about six or seven feet just a little beyond here, where the stream when it is flowing, makes a fall of that distance. There was a sentinel about a hundred yards to the left of the place, and he was moving back and forth as though for exercise, or because he was restless, and I had to wait until his back was turned to me and he was marching away from the gully before I could make a dash and climb up. We must see where that sentinel is before we can go over that drop."

"I understand," said Tom. "Let us crawl forward carefully and try to locate him."

Very cautiously they proceeded along the dry bed of the stream, taking care not to disturb even the smallest of the stones beneath their feet for fear that they might rattle, and at length came to where they could see the drop of

which the Shoshone had spoken. Now they moved with greater caution than ever, and when they were within ten feet of where the present bed of the stream ended they got down upon their bellies again.

Inch by inch they crept forward, and suddenly a somewhat melodious voice fell upon their ears, singing in a low tone, such as a person would adopt when alone and singing to keep themselves company.

"With gold in my pockets and my sweetheart by my side,  
The world may behold a pirate in his pride."

Then they heard the man speaking.

"Blast the luck, anyhow. Here am I kicking my heels on the grass and straining my eyes for danger that never comes, and those fellows are up there drinking and gambling, and having a high old time. I wish something would happen."

Little did he dream how soon his wish would be gratified.

Tom turned to Trailing Bush.

"The sentinel seems to be just below the edge of the drop."

"That's what I think."

"I am going to crawl forward and try to get a sly peep over the edge."

"Suppose he is looking this way?"

"I shall have my pistol in my hand and will get the drop on him. If he is looking the other way I may have a chance to dispose of him in some way that the situation will suggest."

"Good," again said Trailing Bush.

Without another word, Tom crept softly along the dry bed of the stream, and when he was almost at the edge of the drop he lifted his head suddenly, the pistol held ready in his hand.

The precaution, however, was unnecessary, for the sentinel was standing with his back to him and not more than two feet distant from the sheer fall.

Very slowly Tom West straightened up, and when he was fully erect he thrust the pistol into his belt.

He leaped from where he stood, with his legs spread out in such a manner that when he landed he was fairly astride the man's shoulders.

Of course the sentinel went down with a thud to the ground, and just as soon as he was down Tom seized him by the back of the neck and pounded the fellow's face upon the turf with all his force, and when he took his hand away from the man's neck the latter did not move.

He was insensible.

Down jumped Trailing Bush, and looked approvingly at the successful feat of the boy mail carrier.

"What shall we do with him?" he asked.

"Tie him up," said Tom, "and put some sort of gag in his mouth so that he can't raise any alarm when he comes back to his senses."

"What can we tie him with?"

"His coat will serve to bind his arms behind his back, his belt will do for his legs and his handkerchief will do to gag him with, helped out by some bark that we will stuff into his mouth."

(To be continued.)

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## METEORITE FALL.

A large meteorite fell a short time ago in the grounds of Salop County Asylum, England. Dr. Hallsworth, one of the medical officers, saw it drop into a bush. It was quite hot when picked up, and porous and light as pumice-stone.

## FIRST GUM CHEWERS.

The Aztecs of Mexico are said to have been the first gum chewers known. The followers of Cortez reported that the Indians chewed a gum to quench thirst and relieve exhaustion. They obtained it from the sapote tree by tapping, and today the manner of gathering the sap is in close analogy to the process of gathering maple sugar in New England. The tree is indigenous to the northern countries of South America, Central America, and especially Mexico, the last named furnishing about six-sevenths of the entire supply consumed annually in the United States.

## THE OLDEST AUTO STILL RUNNING

Paris is used to unusual sights, and a few days ago the populace was treated to the sight of the venerable great-grandfather of the automobile. The owner, the Abbé Gavois, who was perhaps the first professional man to recognize the value of the automobile for getting around the country for pastoral or other duties, managed the creaking old contraption. He was greeted with salutes of horns throughout his progress through the city. The long-visioned Abbé is looking to sell the historical machine and the proceeds will help the poorer clergy of his district. The "car" has not been overhauled in thirty years and barring a touch of asthma is still runable.

## GIRL SWIMS AROUND MANHATTAN ISLAND.

Miss Amelia Gade, Y. W. C. A. swimming instructor, took a forty-mile "dip" on June 26, in whose course she completely encircled Manhattan Island. She was in the water continuously from 5:20 a. m. until 9:17 p. m., when she climbed lightly back onto the Naval Militia dock at Ninety-ninth street and the Hudson River amid the cheers of a waiting crowd.

Only once before had a woman made the same swim. The first to cover Miss Gade's course was Miss Ida Eliot, who swam the metropolitan circuit in 1916. Her time was eleven hours and thirty-five minutes.

It took Miss Gade fifteen hours and fifty-seven minutes to get back to the point from which she had started, but she had spent several hours in the East River off One Hundred and Twenty-third street treading water and waiting for the stiff tide to turn.

At no time on the long swim—"waiting time" included—was Miss Gade supported by anything but her own girlish buoyancy. She even managed to eat sliced oranges, a couple of sandwiches and a chocolate bar and to drink a cup of coffee without leaving the water or gripping so much as the proverbial straw.

## FLOWERS A STAPLE DIET.

In India a regular article of food is the flowers of the bassia or mowra tree, of which the inhabitants of the central provinces consume about eighty pounds apiece every year.

The flowers have a thick, juicy, globe-shaped corolla of a pale cream color, inclosed at the base in a velvety, chocolate-colored calyx. The corollas fall in the early hours of the morning and are collected by women and children. They are spread out to dry on mats in the sun, when they wither to half their weight and develop a brownish-red color. A tree will yield 200 to 300 pounds of flowers in a year.

When fresh the flowers are extremely sweet, with a peculiar pungent flavor, and a characteristic color. When dry the peculiar pungent flavor is less perceptible, particularly if the stamens are removed, and the flavor then resembles that of figs. The flowers are eaten either fresh or dried, and cooked in many different ways, with rice, shredded coconut or flour.

The total amount of sugar in the flowers varies from 40 to 70 per cent. A spirituous liquor is prepared from them, a ton of dried flowers yielding about ninety gallons of 95 per cent. alcohol.

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## THE FIRST OFFENSE

By HORACE APPLETON.

In the cheerful dining-room of my bachelor friend Stevenson, a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for some time as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency.

Various were the opinions, and numerous the arguments brought forward to support them.

The majority seemed to lean to the side of "Crush all offenses in the bud," when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed:

Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from a first offense being treated with injudicious severity than from the contrary extreme.

Not that I would pass over even the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed—that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offense committed perhaps under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to render it irresistible.

For instance: a lady hires a servant; the girl has hitherto borne a good character, but it is her first place, her honesty has never yet been put to the test.

Her mistress, without thinking of the continual temptations to which she is exposing a fellow creature, is in the habit of leaving small sums of money, generally copper, lying about in her usual sitting room.

After a while she begins to think that these sums are not always found exactly as she left them.

Suspicion falls on the girl, whose duty it is to clean the room every morning.

Her mistress, however, thinks she will be quite convinced before she brings forward the accusation.

She counts the money carefully at night, and the next morning some is missing.

No one has been in the room but the girl; her guilt is evident.

Well, what does her mistress do?

Why, she turns the girl out of her house at an hour's notice; cannot, in conscience, give her a character; tells all her friends how dreadfully distressed she is; declares there is nothing but ingratitude to be met with among servants; laments over the depravity of human nature; and never dreams of blaming herself for her wicked—yes, it is wicked—thoughtlessness in this constantly exposing to temptation a young, ignorant girl; one, most likely, whose mind, if not enveloped in total darkness, has only an imperfect twilight knowledge, whereby to distinguish right from wrong.

At whose door, I ask—continued he, waxing warmer—will the sin lie, if that girl sinks into the lowest depths of vice and misery?

Why, at the door of her who, after placing

temptation in her very path, turned her into the pitiless world, deprived of that which constituted her only means of obtaining an honest livelihood—her character; and that without one effort to reclaim her, without affording a single opportunity of retrieving the past, and regaining by future good conduct the confidence of her employer.

There is, I fear, too much in what you say, remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which, as it may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing, I will relate.

In the outset of my business career (said he) I took into my employment a young man to fill the situation of under clerk; and according to the rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my office, his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible until a sufficient time had elapsed to form a correct estimate of his character.

This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family.

He had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him.

After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith.

My confidence was so great in my head clerk, who had been long known to me, that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as on this occasion it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so.

Therefore, calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain whether it was quite correct.

Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

"From whom," said I, "did you receive this money?"

He replied: "From Mr. ———," naming my confidential clerk.

"It is strange," said I, looking steadily at him. "But this money is incorrect, and it is the first time that I have found it so."

He changed countenance, and his eye fell before mine; but he answered with tolerable composure. "That it was as he had received it."

"It is in vain," I replied, "to attempt to impose upon me, or to endeavor to cast suspicion on one whose character for the strictest honesty and undeviating integrity is so well established. Now, I am perfectly convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession; and I think the evidence against you would be thought sufficient to justify me in immediately dismissing you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto perfectly correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Candidly con-

fess, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty, restore what you have so dishonestly taken; endeavor by your future good conduct to deserve my confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you."

The poor fellow was deeply affected.

In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being entrusted with it himself the idea had flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded.

"I cannot now," he continued. "prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time alone can show that it has not been misplaced."

He left me to resume his duties.

Days, weeks and months passed by, during which I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, while at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness, and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention—the utmost devotion to my interests—marked his business habits, and this without display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable.

At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by the utmost openness and plain dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it, and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I had acted toward him.

Not only had I the pleasure of reflecting that I had, in all probability, saved a fellow creature from a continued course of vice and consequent misery, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming a respectable and useful member of society, but I had gained for myself an indefatigable servant—a faithful and constant friend.

For years has he served me with the greatest fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid, nay, even scrupulous honesty, was so well known that "as honest as Smith" became a proverb among his acquaintances.

One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and upon inquiry learned that he was detained at home by indisposition.

Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his home to inquire after him, I found the family in great distress on his account.

His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind.

From almost the commencement of his attacks he had, as his wife (for he had been some time married) informed me, lain in a state of total unconsciousness, from which he had roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave little hope for his recovery.

For some days he continued in the same state; at length a message was brought to me, saying that Mr. Smith wished to see me; the messenger adding that Mrs. Smith hoped I would come as

soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

On entering his chamber, I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved.

As soon as he perceived me, he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me his dying countenance, full of gratitude and affection, and said:

"My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you, that I may give you the thanks and blessings of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it, that I leave to my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father."

Then turning to his family, he said:

"My beloved wife and children, I entrust you without fear to the care of that Heavenly Parent who has said: 'Leave the fatherless children unto Me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in Me.' And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you have been to me—a guide, protector and friend."

That, continued the kind old man, looking on us with glistening eyes, though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life.

As I stood by the bedside of the dying man, and looked around upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent and upright, respecting and honoring, as much as they loved, their father; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope, but even in that moment of agony deriving comfort in the belief that she should meet him again in that world where—

"Adieu and farewells are a sound unknown,"

When I listened to his fervent expressions of gratitude, and saw him calmly awaiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow men; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonored life, perhaps a shameful and violent death, had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express.

My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business, I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principle with which I set out in life; to "temper justice with mercy."

Such was the story of our friend, and I believe there was not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow creatures, and as far as lay in his power to extend to all who might fall into temptation, that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling "that it is more blessed to save than to destroy."

## PLUCK AND LUCK

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## LASSOO DELAWARE STURGEON.

How William Beckett and William Bayer lassoed a sturgeon in the Delaware River at the upper end of Reedy Island is one of the big items of conversation in lower New Castle County.

The men sighted the sturgeon and having no paraphernalia they decided as a joke to lasso it with a small rope. A lucky throw caught the huge fish behind the gills.

## KILL 300 WOLVES IN MONTH.

State wolf hunters in the Upper Peninsula destroyed more than 200 wolves a month during the spring. Sam Bennett of Kenton and his dog Sandy are the champion wolf hunters of Michigan. Mr. Bennett has hunted and trapped most of his life. His dog is sixteen years old. Sandy and his owner did away with twenty-eight wolves in a little over a month. When a den is located the wolves are dug out and killed or shipped to the State Game Farm at Mason.

## SNAKES INVADE R. R. STATION.

"Wow! Wait till I kill this big snake!" yelled W. B. Kinney, third trick block telegrapher of the W. & A. Railroad, at the dispatcher's telephone as he was reporting a train. His eyes registered horror as a four-foot rattlesnake came writhing through the door into the office. Kinney bombarded the reptile with about everything movable in reach, finally smashing the snake's head. Long continued drought has emboldened snakes, who are desperate in their hunt for water.

## INDIANS CATCH SALMON WITH IRON "GRABHOOK."

The Indians fish for salmon with a "grabhook," a large iron hook fastened to a pole by a loose cord three or four feet long. A hole at the blunt end of the hook that slips over the top of the pole keeps it in place until the fish is hooked. Then the hook is pulled off the pole, and the cord gives the fisherman a chance to play his fish, if necessary, before dragging it ashore.

The hooks are made by the blacksmith, but the poles, about twenty feet in length, the Indians make themselves of red fir. Taking a rough piece

or dry wood of the required length, they patiently work at it with drawshave and knife until it is the right size and tapered to suit the workman. Then it is usually hardened in the coals before putting on the cord, which they braid themselves.

If a pole breaks, as it often does, the broken parts are lashed together with string, pitch is smeared over and melted by being rubbed with a hot stone, which makes the pole as strong as before.

The Indians generally fish from the bank or from platforms built over the water, says the "Fishing Gazette." They thrust the long pole out across the river as far as they can, and let the current carry it down and into the bank, trusting to chance and a quick jerk to hook the fish if they feel one in the water.

## LAUGHS

Director—Say, my man, how is it that Shakespeare's statue is standing on the pedestal marked Scott? Attendant—He must have got his base on an error, sir.

Doctor—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that. Husband—Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?

"What reason have you for thinking that the thief who entered your house was a locksmith by trade," asked the detective. "Why, I saw him make a bolt for the door," said the victim of the robbery.

"Oh, John," said Mrs. Popley, "you must raise a pair of these long side whiskers." "What!" exclaimed Popley; "why, I thought you detested that sort of—" "Yes, but Mr. Dubley was here to-day. He has them, you know, and it was just too cute to see the way baby pulled them."

Judge—You were most brave in capturing the burglar, Frau Wachtig, but to injure him so severely was hardly right of you. Witness—I didn't know he was a burglar at all. I had waited up nearly three hours for my husband, and thought the robber was he.

A little boy told his friend, another youngster, that his mother was accustomed to give him a penny every morning so that he should take his medicine in peace and quietness. "Well, what do you do with it?" inquired the little friend. "Mother puts it in the money box until there is a shilling." "And what then?" "Why, then mother buys another bottle of medicine with it."

"Me an' the preacher went fishin' yesterday," he said. "I caught all the fish; an' of course, he felt mighty bad over it, as he well knew I'd tell it; an' what do you reckon he done?" "Dunno." "Got up in meetin' Sunday mornin', looked straight at me, an' give out the text: 'All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire an' brimstone.'"

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## GIRLS CHECK FOREST FIRE.

For three hours 150 girls from Camp Meenagha, Wis., a summer school, fought flames which threatened to consume the 4,000-acre forest of the Peninsula State Park.

Everett Valentine saw the flames and turned to the girls' camp for help. The girls, members of prominent families from all parts of the United States, dropped tennis racquets and books and formed a bucket line. The fire was checked.

## GIRL SHOOTS AT BOATERS.

Two little maidens, scantily clad, were shot at while out in a rowboat near Sisterville, W. Va. Police found a young girl had done the shooting.

"Yes, I shot at them," she confessed, and cursed; "if they come again I'll shoot to kill."

"They came at night," she said; "and we missed chickens and lots of garden produce. Then in the day time they'd row up and down the river clothed in almost nothing and kick their feet in the air and yell:

"Hey there, Rube—rubber!"

## GERMANS USE WHALE MEAT FOR HAMBURGER.

The German taste for hamburger seems to be greater than the supply of meat with which to make it.

At any rate, exports of whale meat from Vancouver, B. C., to Germany are rapidly increasing. It was said that whale meat was to be used in the manufacture of hamburger in Germany, and that in many cases it was actually preferred to any other ingredient.

The latest shipment of whale meat left here recently aboard the Holland-American freighter Noorderijk. Another will follow shortly.

## TWO KILLED TEN BEARS.

Returning to Kamloops after six weeks of thrilling adventures in the rugged country of the Big Bend on the Columbia River, J. W. French and Leo Tennis, the latter a fullblood Shuswap Indian, brought back the skins of ten bears—six grizzlies, two cinnamons and two blacks. Each of the hunters got his bag limit of three grizzlies, three measuring more than eight feet in length.

On one occasion the hunters sighted eight grizzlies on one slide, this being the largest group of bears ever seen in that part of British Columbia. At that time the limit was within one of being complete, so no effort was made to disturb the bears. The sixth bear was shot next day.

## LONG WALK TO FILL PULPIT.

The Rev. Neff J. Reynolds of Somerton, Ohio, walks seven miles to take a bus which carries him to within three miles of where he preaches at Lafferty and Bannock. He starts the twenty-five mile trip by arising Sunday morning at 3 o'clock.

The Methodist Church recently organized congregations in Bannock and Lafferty mining

towns. Reynolds, a local preacher, was asked to fill the pulpits. When he makes the trip it means walking seven miles from his farm to Barnesville, where he boards a bus that takes him to Loydsville, three miles from the little towns where the congregations are located. Sometimes autoists carry him the last three miles of the trip, but he is always sure of getting the seven mile hike between this place and Barnesville, both going and coming. A man of about 40, Reynolds is noted for demonstrative methods of preaching.

## WHY WATCH SPRINGS BREAK IN SUMMER.

Did you ever have the mainspring of a watch break? If you did, the chances are that this occurred in thunderstorm weather, writes C. A. Briggs in Popular Mechanics. It has been the experience of many jewelers that in thunderstorm seasons the number of broken watch mainsprings increases greatly. This has been erroneously ascribed, though somewhat vaguely, to the effects of electricity, magnetism, and of the noise from the thunder, but an analysis of the explanations attempted fails to develop any reasonable relation in accord with these ideas.

This matter has recently been made the subject of a scientific study. It was finally found to arise from the fact that at this time of the year the air was both warm and moist, and that both of these conditions facilitate rusting. A small spot of rust often starts on the spring or in a crack, and the spring soon weakens and lets go. The trouble is therefore not due to any mysterious effects of magnetism or electricity. It can largely be prevented by a layer of oil on the surface of the spring.

## NEW WHITE SMOKE SCREEN.

A white smoke screen, denser and more impenetrable to vision than any smoke screen yet invented, was demonstrated the other day at Camp Meade for the members of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp. It is a new invention, the secret of which is being guarded closely by chemists and army officers directing its use.

When the smoke candles were lighted, instead of seeing black clouds rise, as on the battlefields of France, the reserve officers were surprised by the beautiful white clouds, which rose from the ground so dense that they seemed almost solid.

Major Earl U. Atkisson, commandant of the Edgewood Arsenal, said the white smoke candles not only possessed a greater obscuring power, but produced smoke in greater quantities. They are not poisonous and produce no toxic effect.

"There is no point to infantry advancing in the open any more," said Major Atkisson. "The smoke candles can be thrown in front of an advancing line by mortars or artillery. The white smoke makes a much more opaque protective screen than black, and it is absolutely harmless to the person passing through it."

## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## SUICIDE ASKS DOCTOR'S AID.

Ethebert Crawford, fifty-one, formerly a railroad and Western Union telegrapher at New York, shot himself with a rifle at his home at Tuston, Sullivan County, N. Y., where he lived with his aged mother. He had just asked Dr. Glatzmeyer of Narrowsburg, who was attending him, where his heart was. The physician with a pencil drew an outline of the rigion of the heart on Crawford's chest and then stepped from the bedside to prepare some medicine.

As he did so Crawford leaped from the bed, ran into another room, seized a loaded rifle and holding the muzzle to the marks on his chest discharged the weapon. Death was instant.

## CAT KEEPS A WIDOW'S FAMILY IN MEAT.

Here's a cat that earns his own board. He also supplies a widow's family with meat daily.

This cat's name is "Tiger," and he belongs to Mrs. G. W. Smith of Tenth and Central avenues, between Claremont and Upland, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Smith's claim for Tiger is that he has almost human intelligence.

Tiger is a big, husky feline and every day for some time he has been going out into the San Antonia wash, which adjoins the Smith home-stead, and bringing back a cotton-tail rabbit.

When thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned, said cotton-tail furnished meat for the Smith family. And a choice, well-cooked piece went to Tiger. He is happy. He's cutting down the H. C. of L. for the Smith family.

## INDIAN SKELETONS FOUND.

An old Indian burying ground, with skeletons in an excellent state of preservation, was found the other day at the Baltimore Young Men's Christian Association camp, on Rehoboth Beach, Del., by Prof. Marvin H. Markle of Baltimore.

The first grave was found at the top of a hill where the recent rains had washed the sand from the face of the hill, showing a cross section of the grave. Some of the bones turned to dust when touched, and many are in a crumbly condition, although the skull, with its cheekbones, is in good condition, while ten teeth were found, nine being perfect. A small metal piece was found near the skull, on which was a rude etching of a bear in a sitting position.

Later more skeletons were found, and several tomahawks and spear heads. It is believed the hill was the site of a battle in which Delaware Indians took part, and where the warriors were buried after the battle. The skeletons are evidently those of young men.

Hundreds of visitors are inspecting the cliff, which has been carefully fenced off from souvenir hunters.

## BOOTBLACKS IN DUBLIN OVER A CENTURY AGO.

Among the populace of Dublin in 1780 the shoeblocks were a numerous and formidable body. The polish they used was lampblack and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife called a spud, a painter's brush and an old wig.

A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoeblock sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. The gentleman put his foot in the lap of the shoeblock without ceremony, and the artist scraped it with his spud, wiped it with his wig and then laid on his composition thick as paint with his painter's brush.

The stuff dried with rich polish, requiring no friction and little inferior to the elaborate modern fluids, save only the intolerable odors exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled the house which was entered before the composition was quite dry, and sometimes even tainted the air of fashionable drawing rooms.

## THE NATURAL BRIDGE

"The history of the Natural Bridge is remarkably interesting. It was mentioned first, I think, by Burnaby in 1757, who spoke of it as a 'natural arch or bridge joining two high mountains, with a considerable river underneath.' A bloody Indian fight occurred near it about 1770. Washington, when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax, visited it and carved his name, where it can now be seen. During the Revolution the French organized two expeditions to visit it. From their measurements and diagrams a picture was made in Paris, which for nearly half a century was copied in Europe and America as correct. The original tract was granted by the king to Thomas Jefferson in 1774. After Jefferson became President he visited the place, surveyed it and made the map with his own hands. The next year he returned, taking two slaves, 'Patrick Henry' and his wife. For these two the former President built a log cabin, with two rooms, and directed one to be kept open for the entertainment of strangers. The slaves were never manumitted. Jefferson left here a large book for 'sentiments.' Unfortunately the book was accidentally destroyed in 1845 and only a part of it remains. Above the bridge is an immense glen, probably once a cave, which extends for a mile to Lace Water Falls. There is much to see in this glen—a saltpetre cave, worked for niter during the War of 1812 and by the Confederates in 1862, and Lost River, a subterranean stream which shoots out of a cavern high in the wall, and disappears in another nearly opposite. Above the arch some one has carved, 'Whoever drinks here shall return.' Natural Bridge Park is a plateau 1,500 feet above the sea and comprises about 2,000 acres. It is about two miles away from the James."

## WEAK MINDS.

The three principal lines of the hand — those of life, head and heart — are normally present a few weeks before a child is born, all the others are acquired by use. In an address read recently in London by Dr. F. G. Crookshank, he said the early presence of those three lines, was an example of the law of anticipation — that is to say, characters acquired for the race by response to need tend to appear in successive generations in anticipation of the exercise for which they are adapted.

When an ill brought up child, an idiot, or an ape grasped a fork, a stick or a straw, not as we hold a pen or a knife, but across the palm, a broad transverse crease was made which showed how the lines of head and heart had been differentiated from one transverse primitive line suited to this primitive usage of the hand. Such a line was seen on the hands of many monkeys, and it was this single transverse line that was seen on the palm or palms of many Mongols, the word Mongol being used here to define a certain undeveloped type of mentality.

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Although he drove his high powered roadster rapidly and arrived very shortly at his destination, he had plenty of time to consider the main features of the case as reported by the press. The job had undoubtedly been done by skilled cracksmen and robbers of uncommon nerve. Sixty-five hundred dollars in currency—the company pay-roll—were gone. Not a single, apparent clew had been found by the police.

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On his arrival, Bigelow was greeted by Nick Austin, Chief of Detectives, who had gone over the ground thoroughly.

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Almost immediately Bigelow turned his attention to a heavy table which had been tipped up on its side. Examination of the glossy mahogany showed an excellent set of finger prints. The thief might just as well have left his calling card.

To make a long story short his prints were photographed and taken to Central Office, where they were matched with those of "Big Joe" Moran, a safe blower well known to the police. Moran was subsequently caught and convicted on Bigelow's testimony and finger-print proof. Most of the money was recovered. In the meantime the T—O Company had offered a \$500.00 reward, which was given to Bigelow—his pay for two hours' work.

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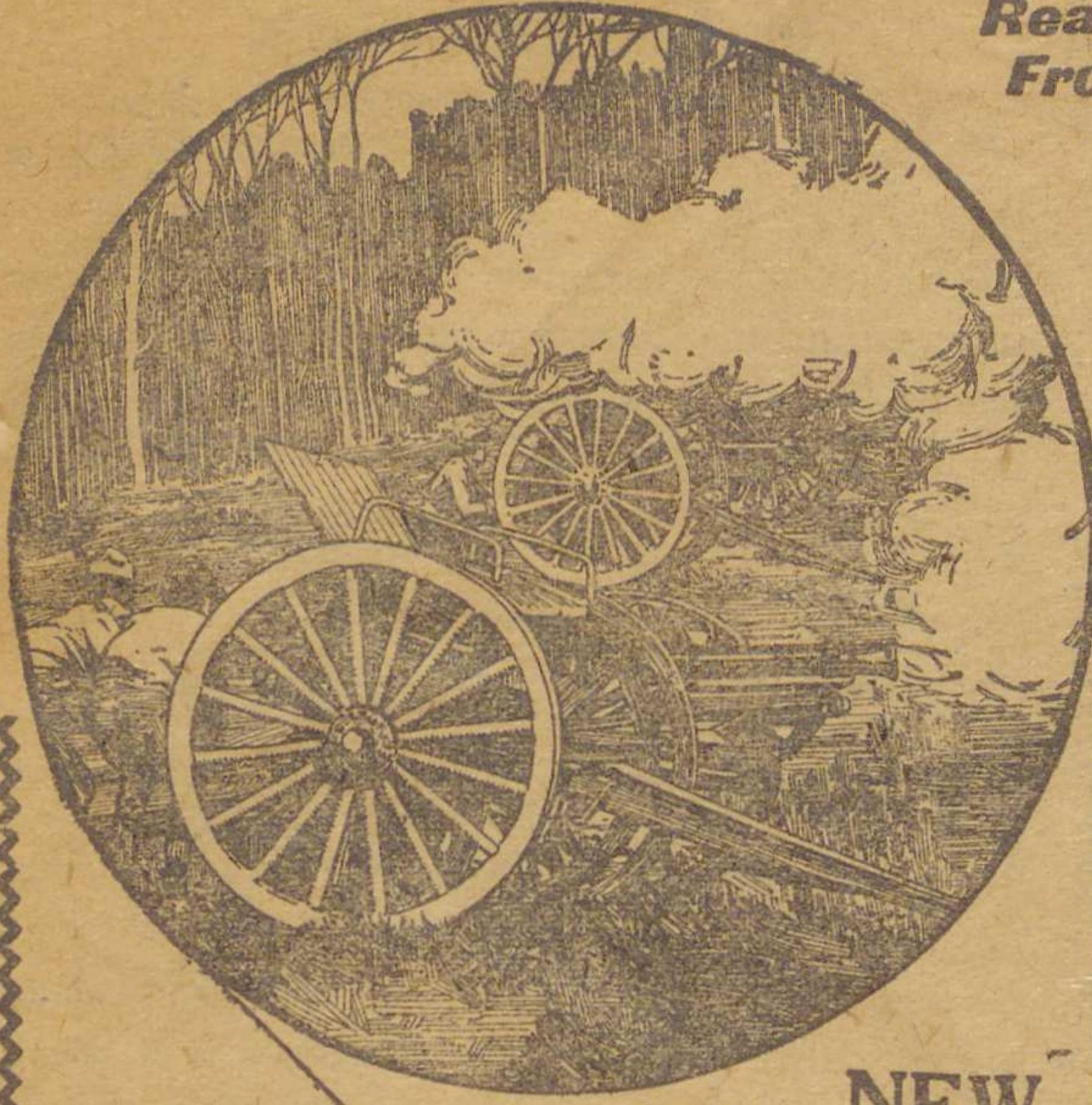
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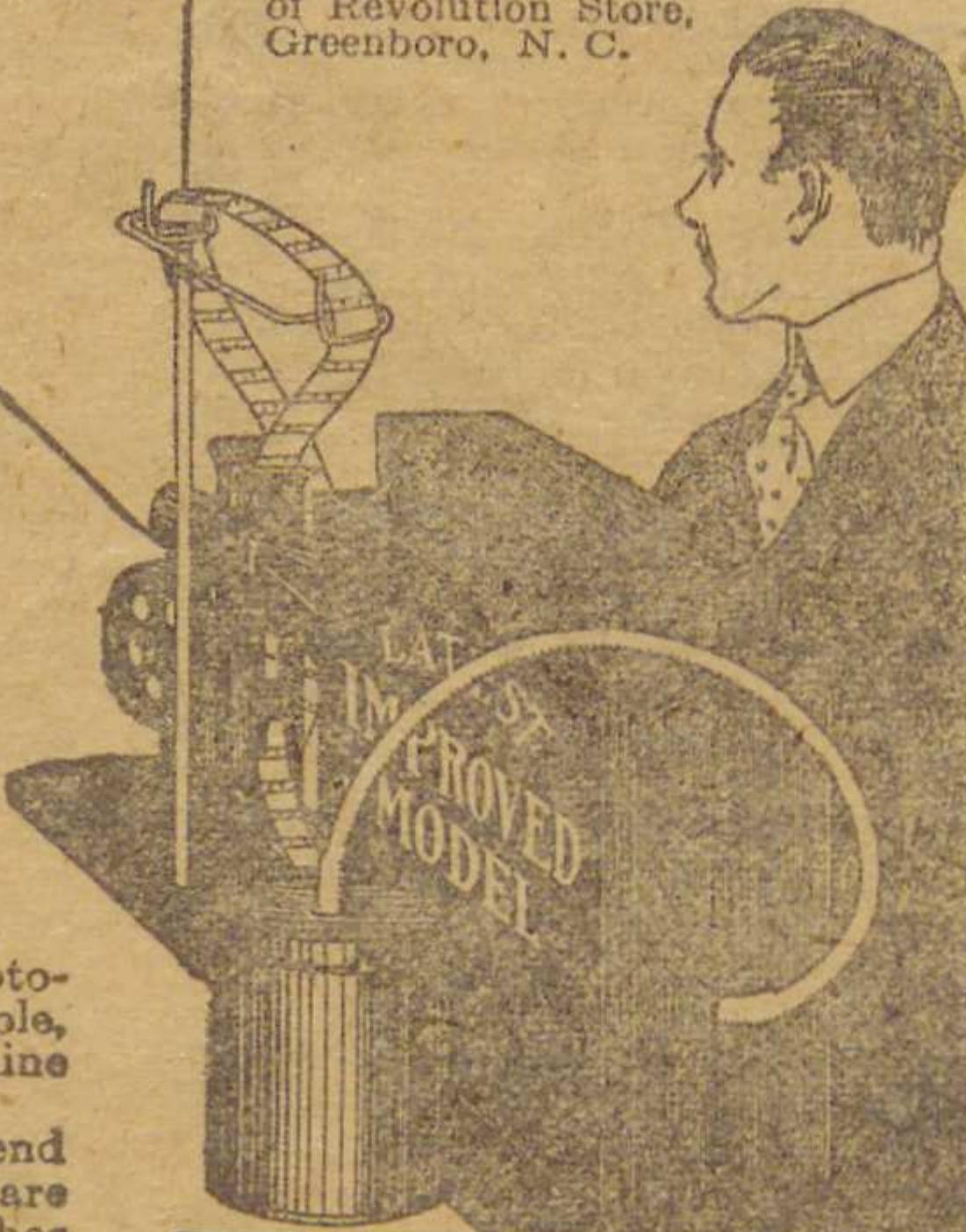
Some time ago I got one of your Machines and I am very much pleased with it. After working it for about a month I sold it for \$10.00 to a friend of mine. He has it and entertains his family nightly. I have now decided to get another one of your machines. Michael Ehereth, Mandan, N. Dak.

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